

SEPTEMBER 30, 1921

No. 835

FAME
AND

7 Cents

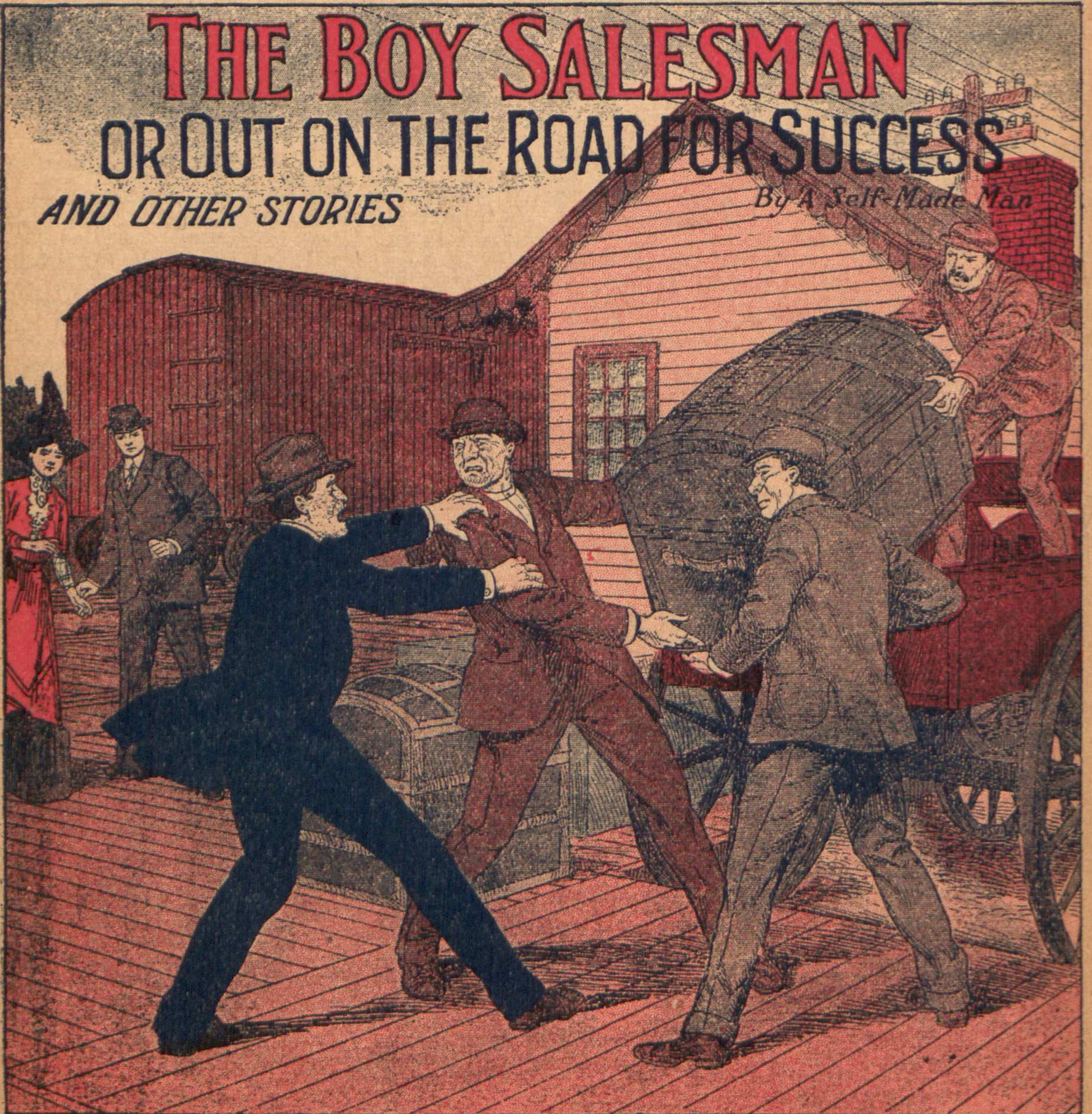
FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

THE BOY SALESMAN OR OUT ON THE ROAD FOR SUCCESS

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



Here, drop that trunk, you rascals!" cried Joe, rushing forward and seizing one of the men by the shoulder. "What's the matter with you?" snarled the fellow. "That's my property, so just leave it where it is," said the boy salesman.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 835

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

The Boy Salesman

OR, OUT ON THE ROAD FOR SUCCESS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Boy Salesman and Others:

"Some business houses think it pays to send out kid travelers in place of experienced, high-salaried men over a well-developed territory, on the theory that the samples sell the goods when once the accounts are opened," sneered a sandy-featured, red-headed drummer, named Gid Marsh, to a bunch of three other traveling salesmen, of which one was a bright, shrewd-looking boy of eighteen years.

The shot was evidently directed at the boy, whose name was Joe Thompson, and who was out on his first trip. It was night and the party was seated on a long, uncomfortable bench in a small way-station on the D. & G. Railroad line, out West, and had gravitated together, first, because they were the only waiting passengers in the station, and, second, through some mysterious affinity by which traveling men seem to recognize each other and flock.

Each one came there separately from four different places off the railroad to catch the same train, due at 7.30, but the train was held up by a washout somewhere down the line and the agent, who was the only other person around, could not say just when it would arrive. The names of the other two drummers were Andy Lane and Pierre Larue. Gid Marsh was selling notions, cheap jewelry, and so forth, and had a side line of Madame Snitz's toilet preparations.

Joe Thompson was in the employ of a cheap Chicago book publisher, going over a route already blazed by sharp drummers before him, and he had provided himself with a side line of picture postcards and Christmas booklets, and was, on his return, to get a small sum for distributing the catalogues of a Chicago dramatic publishing house to the best advantage, as well as a percentage on all orders he sent in direct. Andy Lane was carrying a line of novelties, and the Frenchman represented a Canadian liquor importing house. Marsh appeared to have taken an immediate dislike to Joe, for some unknown reason, while the other two seemed to like the boy.

"Oh, I don't know. It depends a good deal on the line of goods," said Lane.

"Pooh!" said Marsh, blowing a cloud of smoke from a cheap cigar stuck in a corner of his mouth. "You can't tell me that. I haven't been on the road for the last fifteen years without learning about all there is in it." He expectorated at a distant cuspidor and hit it as square as a die.

"Last trip I went into a store in Akron and found a young boy showing his samples to the buyer. When I got through showing my goods I asked the buyer who the kid was and learned he was a new thing from a competing house in my line. That night on the train I saw the new chap in the smoker putting on airs like a man will do on his first trip. These beginners give me a pain," concluded Marsh, with a snort of disgust.

"You were a beginner once yourself, wasn't you?" said Joe quietly.

"What of it?" said Marsh tartly.

"I suppose you are speaking from personal experience."

Andy Lane and the Frenchman grinned, for Marsh appeared to have nothing on the lad from Chicago. Marsh got up and walked over to the ticket office, where the agent was smoking his pipe.

"Any chance of that train coming in before next week?" he asked sarcastically.

"Yes, sir. It ought to be along pretty soon now," answered the agent.

"You said that an hour ago."

"I thought she would be in before this."

At that moment they heard the whistle of a locomotive in the near distance.

"Here's the train at last," said Joe, springing up and seizing his grip.

Marsh walked rapidly in and picked up his case. With a rush and a roar the delayed local came up to the station.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

The baggage men hustled the trunks of the traveling men on board. When the last one was tumbled into the baggage car the conductor waved his lantern and sprang on the car step nearest to him. The train pulled out and was soon making express speed for the next stopping place.

CHAPTER II.—Joe Does a Good Business.

The car the drummers entered was half empty and they took possession of a double seat.

"Come into the smoker," said Marsh.

The other three declined the invitation, and he went forward alone. It was about midnight when the train stopped at the town of Chester, and the four drummers got off there. The train was three hours behind time, and the usual hotel busses were not on hand. Two or three came dashing up

—drawing-room in the first and third acts, and a garden scene in the second. The costumes are modern and the chief characters are strong, with three good comedy parts, one of which borders on the ingenue, and, in effective hands, is sure to score a hit."

Joe then gave a rapid outline of the plot. The next was a four-act down-East drama, with a star part for an old Yankee, and a strong supporting cast. Outside the farm-set the scenery was simple. The third was a Western play in five acts. This was the one which carried the difficult scene as a climax to the fourth act, and represented a mountain gorge with set bridge and a flume, with a set cottage at second entrance. Joe explained how this could be fixed up on a small stage in connection with the printed diagram.

He called the club's attention to sundry other plays in the catalogue, and then said he guessed it was time to return to his hotel. The club thanked him for his kindness, through its president, and bought the six plays from him, which the president said would receive due consideration. Whichever one was selected, they would send to Chicago for the needed copies and mention his name in connection with the order. Joe then took his leave, after declining an invitation to "go out and see a man," or, in plain English, take a drink at the corner.

CHAPTER III.—Joe Meets His Rival.

Joe was in the hotel wash room when he heard the voices of two men out of sight close by. One he recognized as belonging to Marsh.

"He's only a kid," said Marsh, in a tone of contempt.

"That may be," replied the other, "but that kid has done me out of a big order I counted on getting from the buyer at Castle's."

"The boy didn't do it. The house is simply wedded to the Chicago Book Company's publications, and any fool could have taken their order."

"I don't know about that. Crossley, the buyer, told me that he liked my stock so well that he had about made up his mind to cut out the Chicago Book Company. He told me to come in to-day and see him. I went this morning, found him out, and waited. A clerk told me he had gone to the Commercial Hotel to see the traveler for the Chicago Book Company, who had just arrived. When Crossley returned, he told me he was sorry, but the Chicago salesman had persuaded him to stick to the line he was carrying, and so he had bought about all the books he wanted for the holiday trade. Of course, I protested, but it didn't do any good, and so I lost the order. Under these circumstances you can't tell me that boy doesn't know his business—he does."

"I guess that buyer was an easy mark. That boy is out on his first trip and he's got a whole lot to learn. Why, he asked me to put him up to the tricks of the trade, and give him pointers to guide him."

"And you did so, I suppose?"

"I did not," said Marsh, with a strong accent on the "not." "I don't like him. He'll never make a real salesman if he follows the business for a

hundred years. I have sized him up and ought to know."

"You say he doesn't drink?"

"No. He said his father was a bum, who died with the horrors, and he promised his ma he wouldn't touch alcoholic stimulants. Haw! haw! haw!"

At those words Joe clenched his fist.

"Does he smoke?"

"Not that I know of."

"Do you know if he's got any weakness at all?"

"Want to play on it, eh? Get square with him for doing you out of the order? No, I don't know, but I'll pump him tonight, if I see him, or in the morning, and see what I can find out for you."

"Do so. I fancy he's got the inner track of me on this route and I want to get him out of the way."

"Then you're afraid of him?"

"No, I'm not afraid of him exactly, but it's always best to get rid of an obstacle if you can by the easiest route. I'd like to get him into a game of whist, or poker, and clean him out down to his underclothes."

"Are you an expert?"

"Oh, I can play some. I expect he'll go from here to Cresson. Find out when he's going to leave town — by what train. By the way, you'd better introduce me in the morning as a drummer in the hardware line. I'll take the same train out he does, and I'll work the confidence act between here and Cresson. I'll find out the stuff he's made of, and then lay my plans. Will you do that?"

"Sure. Anything to oblige you."

"Thanks. Let's go and have a drink."

Joe concluded it was time for him to get out of the way and he did, making his way to the counter for the key of his room. As he was crossing over to the elevator he was intercepted by Marsh and a young man of about twenty-five.

"Hello, Thompson! Let me make you acquainted with Jack Avery. Avery, Joe Thompson," said Marsh.

Joe shook hands with Avery, whom he felt was his business competitor, and was not at all deceived when Marsh remarked that Avery was in the hardware line.

"We're going to take a snifter. Will you honor us with your company?" said Avery.

"I don't drink, thank you," replied Joe.

"Take a soda, or something of that kind won't you?"

"Well, I've no objection to a soda," said the boy salesman.

He accompanied them into the barroom. Marsh and Avery ordered whisky and Joe a plain soda. The latter assumed a very friendly attitude toward the boy.

"I hear this is your first trip on the road?"

"It is."

"How are you making out?"

"I'm doing very well."

"Glad to hear it. I like to see a new man get on."

"Yes, he's a pretty clever fellow," chipped in Marsh. "I didn't think much of him at first sight, but I've changed my mind. He's in the book trade, with a side line of picture postals and

in a few minutes, as an express was due in about ten minutes. Joe and his three companions got into the one connected with the Commercial Hotel, a second-class house which catered to traveling men, theatrical people and that class of custom generally, which were accorded a rebate on the regular scale of prices. Marsh and Lane had been in the town before, but Joe and Larue were new to it.

The bus did not carry trunks, but an expressman was on hand to take charge of baggage and deliver it to any part of the town. The drummers arranged with the man to take their trunks to the hotel. As soon as they registered at the hotel they went to their rooms and turned in. They met in the dining room next morning and breakfasted together. Joe ordered his big square trunk to his room. Then he hunted up a couple of boards and carried them upstairs. Opening his trunk, he took out a couple of folding supports, which were strapped inside the cover, placed them at a certain distance apart against the wall and laid the boards on them. He covered the boards with a piece of red cloth, and then started to lay out his book samples on this improvised counter.

It took him some time to arrange his stock of books, booklets and picture postcards to the best advantage, and while he was thus engaged there came a knock on his door. Opening it, Marsh walked in with his sample case in his hand. He was curious to see the boy's stock before he set out on his rounds.

"Hello!" he said. "Opening shop in your room, eh? Don't you go out at all?"

"Oh, yes, after I have entertained our regular buyers," answered Joe.

"You have a snap, young fellow. Trade drummed up in advance and all that."

Marsh looked his stock over. Joe knew it wasn't the usual thing for one salesman to show another his stock, but it didn't greatly matter in this case, as Marsh was in an entirely different line. He asked the boy a lot of questions about prices, which Joe answered with reservations, while maintaining a perfectly frank demeanor. Finally Marsh recollected that he was losing time and took his leave just as the buyer from one of the big stores was shown up to Joe's room. The visitor's name was Crossley, and he was rather surprised to find a boy instead of the salesman who had been on the route two or three years.

"How do you do!" he said. "My name is Crossley. I'm the buyer from Castle's. I got your postal advising the house of your arrival. You are a new man, I see."

"Yes. My name is Thompson. I am on the route because Jackson was taken sick and could not go out. I guess I can suit you just as well. We are putting out a new series of our paper-covered original fiction, all by crack writers. I will show them to you. Of course, we have all our standard lines to offer as well. We are making special discounts for the Christmas trade on large orders," said Joe.

He then proceeded to show the new books, and mentioned the net figures, with added discounts according to quantity ordered. The buyer studied the titles and the authors. None of the writers were of the first class, but had a reputation for turning out interesting work. The buyer said he had lately turned down several salesmen from

New York and Philadelphia because they had nothing in their stock that appealed to him. Joe sold the buyer a good bill and shortly afterward another visitor appeared. He bought chiefly the new line of books, and then appeared to be interested in the postcards and booklets. Joe explained that they were gotten out by another Chicago house, and were the very latest and best to be found anywhere. He quoted prices, and in the end got a large order, delivery to be made by the manufacturer direct. Joe received callers all day and did finely in the town. He discovered there was a popular dramatic club in the place, and the directory furnished him with the names of the officers. After supper he called on the president with several catalogues and play books in his pocket.

He sent in his name as the representative of the Lakeside Dramatic Publishing Company, of Chicago, and was received by the young president in the parlor. Joe explained that he was traveling for the Chicago Book Company, but was also distributing catalogues for the Lakeside Dramatic Publishing Company, and was prepared to show a few of the latest plays published, which he declared were hummers.

"If you are thinking of putting on a play in the near future, I recommend that you take one of these into consideration," said Joe.

"Our club is holding a meeting this evening to consider the selection of a play for the next performance. Are you thoroughly familiar with these plays? Can you describe their merits off-hand, give a general idea of their plots, with practical hints about staging them in a small hall equipped with the customary stock scenery, half a dozen sets in all? If you can do this, I should like you to accompany me to the meeting, if you can spare the time, and go into the matter before the club," said the president, whose name was Johnson.

"Yes, sir, I can do all this, and as I have nothing on for the evening I will go with you and endeavor to convince your members that they will make no mistake in making a selection from the list of the Lakeside catalogue, not only now, but also in the future," replied Joe.

The club held its meetings in an ante-room of the hall, just off the stage, and Joe went there with the president. He found about twenty young people assembled, and was introduced to them collectively. The meeting was called to order and when the time came for the consideration of the play for the next show the president read the names of the several plays Joe had shown him.

"Mr. Thompson will now give you a general idea of each," he said.

Joe got up.

"I understand from your president that you propose to produce a drama that will fill the evening bill," he began. "I have three here, any one of which I can recommend as suitable to the capacity of experienced amateurs like yourselves, and which can be produced with no great call on scenic resources, with one exception. That one requires a set scene of some importance, but it can be provided with a little ingenuity on the part of the stage manager and at small expense. I will explain how when I reach it. The first play I will call your attention to is a society comedy-drama, in three acts. It requires but two scenes

Christmas booklets. Drop in in the morning and see his samples. He has them laid out in his room."

"I will," said Avery, who was anxious to look Joe's lay-out over and pick up a few wrinkles from him.

"Sorry, but everything is packed up," said Joe, who had no intention of letting Avery see his samples.

"Are you going to leave us in the morning?" said Marsh, looking at Avery. "I thought you were going to stay here two or three days."

"I cleaned up pretty well to-day," said Joe, who had no intention of leaving town in the morning as he was going to make a canvass of the small stores that sold picture postals and booklets.

When he said he had cleaned up pretty well he referred to his book trade.

"Going to Cresson, eh?" said Avery.

"Yes."

"So am I. What train do you expect to take? The 8.45?"

"Are you going to Cresson in the morning?" Joe asked.

"Yes. I'm through with this town. It will be pleasant for us to travel together. I'll put you up to a few wrinkles that may come in handy for you."

"You are very kind," said Joe. "By the way, gentlemen, take a drink with me."

Another soda and two whiskies were ordered. While they were drinking Avery again put the question as to whether he was going on the 8.45.

"What's the next train?" said Joe.

"The 9.22 local."

"And the next?"

"The 10.45, I think."

"Well, I have an engagement in the morning, so I can't tell what train I'll take. In fact, I might not be able to leave till after dinner. It will all depend on circumstances."

"I can wait if you'll agree to meet me," said Avery.

"Sorry, but I don't care to make any engagement for fear I wouldn't be able to keep it."

Here Marsh treated, but Avery still tried to gain his point. Joe, however, would not make any arrangement with him whatever, and he was much disappointed. The boy finally looked at his watch and said he was going to turn in. He broke away and went to bed, leaving the two men to figure out, if they could, just what sort of young fellow he was.

Joe was up early next morning and among the first at the breakfast table. When he had finished his meal he walked to the counter to see if any mail had come for him. There was a letter from the Chicago Book Company. After reading it Joe went to his room, got his small sample case in which he carried his postals and booklets when canvassing and started out. Soon after he left the hotel Avery came downstairs looking like the last rose of summer, for he and Marsh had played pinochle till three that morning and Marsh had won \$12 of his good money. After breakfast he hung around the corridor, but Joe did not appear. Finally the salesman gave the matter up and went out to make a call.

Joe returned to the hotel, had his lunch and

then went to his room. He had done a good morning's business in postal-cards and booklets and he was going to put in the afternoon making deliveries from his stock. He made up the required bundles and left the hotel at two with quite a load. He got back about five, got everything ready for his departure from town, had his trunk and cases brought down and the former despatched to the station by the expressman. He paid his bill, went in to dinner, read the evening paper, and then started in the bus for the station.

CHAPTER IV.—The Railroad Wreck.

When the train came in, Joe boarded a day-coach and took possession of an empty seat. As the train started a young man sat down beside him with the remark:

"We meet again, after all."

Joe recognized Avery.

"I see we do," he said. "I thought you were going by a morning train."

"Such was my intention, but I found I had missed a call, and then when I got back to the hotel I found a note from our best customer in town requesting me to call back. So between it all the day slipped away and here I am. You didn't get away as early yourself as you figured on."

"No. How do you like the book trade?"

"First-rate. How do you like the hardware line?"

"Tiptop. Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Come in the smoker, anyway."

"No, I'd rather stay here. The smoker is rather stuffy."

Avery had taken a cigar from his pocket, but put it back again.

The run from Carlin to Cresson was short, a matter of thirty minutes on the express, but it was destined on this occasion to be full of thrilling incidents. Cresson was built on the bank of the Snake River, so named probably on account of its sinuous course, which was very marked. The railroad crossed the river at a narrow spot three miles east of the town. On leaving the steel bridge the roadbed swung around to the south and hugged the river bank for a matter of two miles. A short distance from the bridge a bluff had been cut away just enough to permit the construction of the double tracks. The train which was carrying Joe and his rival crossed the bridge at reduced speed and then the engineer began picking up his gait. He approached the curve at the bluff at a forty-mile clip, and then shut off a bit, according to regulations, though the line appeared to be clear, as usual. As the locomotive swung around the curve and the headlight illumined the track ahead both the engineer and fireman uttered an ejaculation of alarm and consternation.

A huge boulder, which had been sticking out of the bluff for years, and was considered to be firmly anchored in it, had fallen, and lay at an angle across the track. There was no sign of the track-walker, but his red lantern lay overturned and burning near the rock.

A collision was inevitable, and the engineer whistled downbrakes, reversed and applied the air-brakes with a suddenness that jolted every passenger on the train. The effort was of little avail. The locomotive hit the inclined surface of the rock a terrific blow, slid off the track at an angle, tore through the eastbound track, as if it were so much cardboard, and dashed into the river, pulling the train with it. The jolting threw Joe and his companion violently against the back of the seat in front of them, and then before they could collect their wits the car was in the river, partly on its side, and the water was pouring in through some of the windows.

"My heavens!" exclaimed Joe, climbing on the top of his seat.

Avery had fallen over on the floor of the car, with his face in the rapidly deepening water. In the excitement of the moment, and not knowing what might happen next, Joe did not abandon his insensible companion, although he knew the man was no friend of his. He seized Avery, yanked his head out of the water and, holding him in his arms, fought his way with the other passengers toward the upper door, which stood several feet above the river line, with a list to the left. The forward end of the car was under water, and had the car been crowded at the time of the accident many would have been drowned.

Those who reached the door first found that the car following had torn a big section of the roof off, and that its forward trucks had partly penetrated the break. The weight of that car had crushed in the front of the coach Joe and the others were in and practically cut off escape except by crawling through the debris at great personal risk. Joe, seeing the impossibility of moving further toward the door and unable to understand the reason, dragged Avery out of the crush on to a seat and then struck a match. He stood up on the cushions and held the match up. The flickering light revealed a screaming, struggling mass of men and women, pushing impotently for all they were worth against one another up an incline of thirty degrees. As the first match went out Joe lit another. The illumination made a change in the situation somewhat. Two men, whose example was at once imitated, sprang on the upper inclined seats, yanked up a pair of windows and proceeded to crawl out. As soon as they succeeded they began helping others by the same route. This action turned the attention of most of the people away from their original purpose of escaping by the barricaded door, and the crush was broken. By this time Avery came to his senses.

"In heaven's name, what has happened?" he asked.

"The train is wrecked and part of it is in the river," replied Joe. "I got you out of the water and up here just in time to save your life."

Avery realized that his head and shoulders, as well as his face, were dripping. Whether he understood what he owed to his companion or not he made no reply. He made a rush for one of the open windows and crawled out, paying no further attention to Joe.

The boy salesman lit another match and seeing the way pretty clear towards the wrecked end of the car, coolly proceeded that way instead

of taking the avenue followed by Avery. It was clear to him that the wreck had reached its limit, and he could take his time in getting out. Right ahead of him a finely dressed girl was being dragged out on the broken platform by somebody. Joe followed her as soon as the passage was clear. The gentleman who had helped the girl and who appeared to be her father, now saw that he could not take her through the debris on to the bank. Several men had accomplished the feat, but it was at the imminent risk of their lives, for the half-submerged coach might sag at any moment, and then any one in the act of crawling out would be caught and crushed by the car above.

"This is terrible," said the gentleman, looking at Joe. "How can I save my daughter?"

"Now that we are out here we will have to take to the river and swim around to the bank."

"I am a poor swimmer," said the gentleman, "and the current of the river is swift. I never could carry my child to the bank."

"I'm a good swimmer. I'll help you. In fact, you'd better let me take her around first, then I'll come back and help you."

The gentleman seemed loath to trust his daughter to a stranger, and the girl herself hung back, fearful of the rushing water eddying around the end of the car.

"There is no time to be lost, sir," said Joe. "Our position is a dangerous one with that car above. If this coach should roll over, or slip under the weight upon it, we might be caught in the wreck and either crushed or drowned."

The words were hardly out of Joe's mouth when the car end slipped a little on the bank. The coach above crushed down with it and a crashing and splintering sound followed. The sensation for the moment was an appalling one. The three expected to be crushed in the debris. The girl uttered a scream, slipped on the top step and fell backward into the river with a second scream.

"My child! My child!" cried the gentleman.

Before he could make a move Joe plunged into the water after the girl.

CHAPTER V.—Miss Dora Western.

The girl was caught in the swift current and drawn away from the wrecked train. The darkness of the night prevented Joe seeing her head when he came up and looked around. A choking cry a short distance off directed him toward her, though he couldn't make her out. He struck out sturdily in the direction indicated, calling out to the girl that he was coming. Another cry nearer presently told him where she was. He made a desperate effort, with the overhand stroke, at which he was an adept, and one of his hands cleaving through the water encountered a soft, sinking object. Instinctively feeling it was the girl, he clutched at it and seized her by the hair. In another moment he had her head above water. The girl was nearly unconscious, and Joe was rather glad of it, for she made no attempt to struggle or grasp at him with the frantic energy of drowning people. He turned toward the back,

which he saw was some distance away by the lights that were flashing in the vicinity of the wrecked train. Ordinarily the distance would have been nothing to him, but the swiftness of the current prevented him making much headway across it. He soon saw that he was tiring himself to little purpose. The lights and noise slipped quickly behind, and as the river kept turning they were presently out of sight. The tendency of the current was to carry them toward the other bank. A quarter of a mile below the wreck an indentation in the other bank, like a pocket, drew the water that way, and Joe and his burden were whirled into and around it with considerable velocity, and would have been carried out into the center of the river again but for the projecting end of a boat turned up on the shore. As Joe bumped into it he seized the object without knowing what it was, and his fingers closed on a short piece of rope which stayed his progress. The current swung him against the shore. He secured a footing and carried his burden out of the water. He knew he was on the wrong side of the river, but with a boat at hand it was possible for him to cross. Laying the girl down he went to the boat and turned it over. A pair of oars were in it. When he went back to the girl he found her reviving.

"Where am I?" she asked, dreamily, as she sat up.

"You're safe, miss — I haven't the honor of knowing your name."

"My father — where is he?" she cried, anxiously, without noticing his remark.

"He's back at the train wreck. You fell into the river from the car and as your father couldn't swim I jumped in after you. The current was too swift and strong for me, although I'm a good swimmer, to get you to the shore, and so we have been carried across to the other side and landed here. But I have found a boat, and with it I guess we'll be able to get back, though not to the wreck," said Joe.

"Then you saved my life?" she said.

"I guess I did, for you were under water and sinking when I reached you."

"I am very grateful to you."

"You are welcome."

"You will take me back to my father?"

"I don't think I'll be able to do that. The river is too swift for me to row against it, and the wreck must be half a mile up from this point. In rowing across we shall undoubtedly be carried still further down. We may be a mile from the spot where the accident took place by the time we reach the other bank. Then you are wet through and ought to be looked after or you will catch a severe cold. I will take you to the first house within reach and then walk back to the wreck, find your father and bring him to you."

"I will do as you say, though I am very anxious about my father. Indeed, I must rely on your assistance and protection. You have saved my life, so why should I not trust you?"

"There is no reason why you shouldn't. My name is Joe Thompson, and I am a commercial traveler for a Chicago publishing house. Will you tell me your name?"

"Dora Western. I live in Chicago. My father

and I were on our way to Cresson to visit his sister, my aunt."

"We are not over a couple of miles from Cresson now. Well, if you will get into the boat we will put off. The exercise of rowing will warm me up. If the river were less difficult to cross I should ask you to take a hand for the sake of the exercise," said Joe.

Two minutes later the boat was in the grasp of the stream, and Joe was doing his best to push her across. After a strong effort, which warmed him up considerably, he landed on the other side, three-quarters of a mile below the wreck. There was a house facing on a road a short distance from the tracks.

"We will go there," said Joe, as soon as he had secured the boat. "Come, let us run."

It was about nine o'clock, and the women of the house had just heard about the wreck and were greatly excited. The appearance of Joe and Miss Western, in their wet and bedraggled state, enlisted their sympathies and services. Two of them carried the girl away to undress and put her to bed. The lady of the house told Joe that her husband and son had just gone to the scene of the accident.

"I am going back myself to find Miss Western's father and bring him here," he said.

"You must change your clothes first," the lady said. "My son's garments will fit you well enough. Come to his room and I will provide you with an outfit to wear until your clothes are dry."

Joe accepted the offer. He made the change and started back for the wreck. A relief train which had come from Cresson passed him, going back with the rescued passengers. A repair crew was at work on the scene when Joe got there. He made inquiries at once about Mr. Western, but could learn nothing about him at first. One of the men he asked said he must have gone to Cresson on the relief train.

"Nonsense!" said Joe. "He wouldn't leave here without learning the fate of his daughter."

Finally a man told him that the gentleman and two men passengers had gone down the river bank with a lantern.

"Then I must have passed them, for I came here along the track."

He started off along the edge of the high bank, looking for the light of the lantern which the party had who were following the river at the water's edge. He hurried along for they had a considerable start of him. It seemed a long time before he caught sight of the light. Mr. Western and his companions were standing about the boat in which Joe had rowed the girl over, looking at it. The wet seats and a lady's handkerchief attracted their notice, and they were speculating whether it had anything to do with the case when Joe came up and called to them.

"Is Mr. Western there?" he said.

"Yes, yes!" cried that gentleman. "Have you news of my daughter?"

"Your daughter is safe. I am ready to take you to the house where I brought her, and where she is being cared for."

With a glad cry, Mr. Western rushed up the bank, followed by his companions.

"Your daughter is in that house yonder," said Joe.

"Let us go there at once. You are the young man who was on the platform with us when she fell into the river. You jumped after her and saved her. I am under an obligation to you I never can repay."

Joe and Mr. Western entered the house and the boy introduced the gentleman as the young lady's father. He was taken to his daughter's bedside and the meeting between them was a glad one. Dora declared that she owed her life to Joe, for she was sinking to the bottom of the river when her senses forsook her, and the next thing she knew she was safe on the opposite shore, in the boy's company. In the meanwhile Joe sat in the living-room, talking to two of the women of the house.

"My sample trunk and suit-cases were in the baggage car," he said. "As the car is submerged in the river I'm afraid by the time I get them their contents will be ruined."

"The railroad company will make good the loss," said one of the women.

He waited till Mr. Western appeared and then told him he was going to Cresson.

"But your clothes are not dried yet," said the lady of the house.

"I'll come back for them to-morrow and return the rig you have so kindly loaned me," he said.

"Where are you going to put up?" said Mr. Western.

"At the Commercial House," replied Joe.

"I will call there and see you. But I will furnish you with my address while I remain in Cresson, and I would like you to call there. My sister will wish to see and thank you for your services to our Dora."

He wrote his sister's name and address on a card and handed it to the boy. Joe promised to call, and then started for town.

CHAPTER VI.—Joe Gets Busy in Cresson.

Within half an hour Joe entered the Commercial House and registered. He told the night clerk that his baggage was in the baggage car of the wrecked train and that the car was at the bottom of the river.

"I'll have to stop here for several days, for I must wait for a new sample trunk from Chicago," he said.

The clerk gave him a room. Then he inquired for a telegraph office that was open at that hour. He was referred to the office down the block. Joe hurried there and sent off two dispatches, night rates. Then he went to bed.

After breakfast next morning he went to the railroad station to find out when the baggage would be taken from the car. He was told that this had already been done, and that the trunks and other articles were then being dried out. Joe thought that some of his stock might be in shape to use. He had an idea that the post-cards and booklets, as they were packed tight, might not have suffered so much. He said he would return later and examine his property in the presence of the baggage master, so as to de-

termine what damages the company would be asked to pay. When he got back to the hotel he found Avery there.

"I was looking for you," said the young man.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"How did you escape last night?"

Joe then related his experiences since Avery left him.

Joe had the postal-cards in his pocket he had intended to mail the night before to his firm's customers, advising them of his presence in town. There was no use of sending them out now. Instead of that, he determined to call on the people and explain the situation. He started to do this at once, leaving Avery. Three of the stores were on the main street, which was close to the side street on which the Commercial House was situated. He found his way to the nearest store, went in and introduced himself. He was directed to the buyer of the book department. His name was Rice.

"Oh, you are from the Chicago Book company, eh?" said the buyer. "Glad to meet you. I've been expecting somebody from your house, as the firm was advised that one of their representatives was on the road and would reach us about this time. Did you bring your samples with you? I am ready to look at them."

"No, I was in the D. & G. train wreck last night, and had a narrow escape with my life, for I was in the coach behind the smoker and half of it went into the river."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear that. The papers said that the most remarkable thing connected with the accident was how the six passengers who were in the smoker at the time escaped drowning. The front of the car was stove in and filled with water in a few seconds, but the men had all made a dash for the rear platform when they heard the whistle of down-brakes, and felt the grinding of the air-brakes. They leaped off just as the car went into the river and all escaped with slight injuries."

"Yes, they were lucky. I called to tell you that my trunk of samples was in the baggage car and that went into the river. I called on the station agent this morning and he told me the baggage had all been recovered and was being dried out. I'll probably be able to get my samples this afternoon, but some of them are likely to be in bad shape. I have telegraphed for a fresh lot, but it will take two or three days for me to get them. I don't like to show poor samples unless you are willing to take the circumstances in consideration in looking them over, so I leave the matter to you."

"I'll call around to your hotel in the morning to look your samples over. They may not be much affected by the water. You're stopping at the Commercial House, I suppose?"

"Yes. All right. I'll expect you, and probably we can get on with the samples I have, as your firm is a regular customer of our house and you know what our goods are."

Joe left the store and continued his rounds. He met with a favorable reception at all the places he visited. The buyers, or the proprietors, were willing to make allowances in consideration of the circumstances. The wreck had created some

excitement in the community, and while it was clearly not the fault of the railroad company the corporation was pulled over the coals, nevertheless, by the newspapers. It was shown that the track-walker had been crushed by the falling boulder and therefore was unable to warn the coming express. The papers said that the boulder, being a menace, should have been removed, no matter how solid it looked.

Joe arranged to call on some of the stores with some of his samples — those of the new goods, while the larger places that had regular buyers made engagements with him to meet him at his hotel. On the whole, the boy salesman returned to his hotel very well satisfied. He was one of the last at the dinner-table, and after the meal he went over to the station. His baggage was ready for him and he got an expressman to take it to the hotel. He found that Avery had already carried his trunk away.

His baggage was carried to his room and he opened his suit-case first and found all his garments damp. He took them out and sent them to the laundry to be thoroughly dried. His postal-card sample case had not been much affected by the water, probably owing to the position it was in in the car. His trunk, to his great satisfaction, had stood the ducking fine. Only the books on the edges of the upper tray were damp, and they were not much hurt. On the whole, he did not require fresh samples. His stock of postal-cards and booklets at the bottom of the trunk had not been hurt at all. He laid all the damp articles out to dry, and then taking his samples of new books and some of the reprints, started out to make a few calls. He did some business, and in one store he met Avery, who acknowledged his salute in a sheepish way. Joe gave no evidence of surprise at seeing him there, and when he departed he got busy with the proprietor himself. Avery had sold a bill, but Joe succeeded in selling a bill, too. After supper Avery waylaid him as he was starting for the house out of town to return the loaned garments and recover his own.

"I suppose you were surprised to see me in Dickson's?" he began.

"Oh, no; I expected to meet you on my route somewhere."

"But you supposed I was a hardware salesman?"

"No, I didn't. You told me you were in the hardware line, but I knew better."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"How did you learn?"

"Oh, there are ways of learning the truth in our business."

"Where are you bound for?" Avery said. "I'd like you to go to a show with me."

"I can't go. I've got to return these clothes, which do not belong to me, and get the ones that got wet in the river."

"Where did you leave your clothes?"

"Oh, out at a house on the road near the railroad."

"Well, I'll meet you in the morning," said Avery.

Joe left the hotel, walked out to the house, got his clothes, thanked the people for their kind-

ness in helping him out, learned that Miss Western had left that morning with her father, in good shape, and returned to Cresson.

CHAPTER VII. — Joe Calls on Dora Western.

Joe went to the telegraph office and sent off another telegram to his house, telling the publishers if they had not shipped the complete set of new samples, to hold them pending his letter. He also sent a telegram to the picture postal-card house, telling them that he did not need new samples after all, as those he had were not damaged by water. Next morning he got a dispatch from the publishers, which informed him that fresh samples had been forwarded by express, and he was to dispose of the others at the best price he could get for them. During the morning he had visits from three buyers and took their orders. Coming out from lunch, he was told a gentleman was waiting to see him. The visitor proved to be Mr. Western.

"I dropped in to see you, for I felt I had not yet fittingly expressed my deep gratitude to you for saving my daughter's life," said the gentleman.

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Western. I am glad I was able to do your daughter a service, and yourself as well. Under such thrilling circumstances in which we came together last evening it behooves every one to do his duty. I only did mine," replied Joe.

"But it isn't every one who would act as promptly as you did for the sake of a stranger. In such cases people generally look out for Number One."

"People are usually rattled on such occasions and they hardly know what they are doing. Self-preservation is considered the first law of nature."

"Yes, yes, it would seem so. When are you going to call on us? My daughter is anxious to see you and express her own gratitude."

"Evening is the only time I have, as I shall be very busy during business hours."

"Call this evening, then."

"I will, if nothing prevents."

"All right. I will tell my daughter. I won't detain you any longer, but wish you good-by till I see you again."

Joe spent the afternoon calling on the smaller dealers, carrying his postal-cards and booklets with samples of his firm's books. He called upon a new dealer, who was using books issued by a New York house. The man didn't care to make any purchases from him. Finding he could do no business in the regular way, he offered to dispose of his stock of samples at a considerable discount. The storekeeper was willing to look at them, and as Joe's line was really very attractive the man was taken with them.

"I don't feel like ordering a large lot," said the storekeeper. "I've only just started up, and have to feel my way against opposition."

"I can sell you any quantity you want, and deliver them for cash. I am carrying a small stock along to accommodate small dealers."

The man ordered 5,000 assorted cards and a

certain quantity of booklets. Joe promised to deliver them when he brought his book samples. The big package of fresh samples reached Joe by express that evening, and he also got a letter congratulating him on his fortunate escape in the railroad accident. He was directed to credit the firm with the sum he got for the discarded samples.

Joe inquired his way to the street on which Miss Western's aunt lived, and when he reached it he easily found the number.

"Is Miss Western at home?" he asked the servant who answered his ring.

"Yes."

"Tell her that Mr. Thompson has called according to promise."

Joe was shown into a small sitting-room and there he was presently joined by Mr. Western.

Then Mrs. Day, his sister, came in, and Joe was presented to her. She expressed her appreciation of the service he had rendered her niece. Finally Dora came in, looking ever so much improved over her condition when Joe last saw her, wet and rather demoralized. She had on her best gown and said she was very glad to see him again. Certainly, Joe looked much better himself now that he had dry clothes on, and was otherwise in his usual good form. The young lady doubtless noticed and appreciated the improvement. Joe was a good-looking boy, and as bright and smart as they come. Dora was a pretty and vivacious girl, and so they were naturally attracted to each other. Her father and aunt, after a while, left them together, and then they speedily became better acquainted. Joe told her about his vocation and narrated many incidents he had encountered since he started out on the road. Joe spent a very pleasant evening with the young lady. He remained till nearly eleven, and when he took his leave she gave him her address in Chicago and he promised to call on her when he got back to the Windy City after his trip was over.

There was a dramatic club in Cresson, and next day Joe found time to call on the president at his place of business. He talked up the plays of the Lakeside Dramatic Publishing Company, and left half a dozen catalogues for the young man to distribute among his friends. He was very busy all day, chiefly on his side line, and after dinner took the first train for Clinton, a large manufacturing town, where the publications of the Chicago Book Company had a large sale right along. He put up at the Clinton House, which was not the regular drummers' resort, but a smaller and cheaper house on the European plan.

He mailed his postal-cards and that evening went to a show. On his way home he passed the Eureka Hotel, the regular commercial headquarters. As he knew he was expected to stay there, he went in and inquired if a letter had come for him.

"Yes, there's one here for Joseph Thompson, but how do I know you are he?" said the night clerk.

"I can prove it," said Joe, pulling out various evidences of his identity and connection with the Chicago Book Company, the imprint of which was on the envelope.

"You're going to register here, I suppose?" said the clerk, handing him the letter.

"Such was my original intention, but I can't do it now."

"You're not going to remain in town, eh?" looking at the clock and noting that the boy salesman had time to catch the midnight express that stopped there.

"Yes, I'm going to remain, but I had business reasons for putting up at another hotel," replied Joe.

As the boy salesman walked out he saw Avery and Marsh talking together on the piazza in front.

CHAPTER VIII. — Trapped.

Joe wondered if they were talking about him. There was a vacant chair near them with a newspaper on it. The boy salesman picked up the paper, sat down and held it between him and the drummers.

"It is clear that kid didn't come on tonight, but he'll be here, for there's a letter waiting for him," said Marsh.

"How did you find out?" asked Avery.

"Oh, the day clerk and I are old friends. Very often letters precede us travelers, you know. Suspecting one might come for Thompson, I asked."

"He said he was coming by the early evening train, but one can't put any dependence on what he says. I guess he suspects me. I'd like to know how he found out that I was not in the hardware line."

"I'll never tell you."

"I thought you told him and I asked him, but he said you didn't."

"Why should I give the snap away? Wasn't it me that introduced you as a hardware man? Do you suppose I'd want to make myself out a liar?"

"No. He'll probably be along in the morning. I don't know that there is much use in putting up any job on him in this town. His firm owns it. I've been around and can't do any business to speak of."

"Then you ought to go on ahead of him. He'll stay here two or three days, and that will give you the chance to get your hooks in at Dexter, where he will probably go next. I'll try and keep track of him here and wire you when he leaves. You'll be through by the time he gets there, then keep on ahead. I'll tell you a trick you could pull off on him. Get some fellows to steal his trunk of samples, or induce an expressman to take it to a different hotel than he intends to put up at. Oh, there are lots of things you could work off on him," said Marsh.

"Avery must be a pretty sort of traveling man to take such talk from Marsh," thought Joe. "I shouldn't think that Avery would need to be told that the proper thing for him to do would be to get about a week ahead of me and try to keep ahead. That's what I should do were I in his place. They're a pair of scallawags, both of them, and I'll have to keep my eyes skinned. If Avery goes too far, and I catch him, I'll have him pulled in."

As the men began talking about something else, Joe got up and walked away. All next day he was busy with the regular customers of his house, and he didn't get a chance to go out with his side line till four o'clock, which gave him but a short time to work that line. Next day he sent a money-order to his mother, and mailed another to the side-line house with an order for 20,000 picture cards and 5,000 booklets, to be forwarded to Dexter, express charges C. O. D. That afternoon he met Marsh on the street.

"Hello!" exclaimed that worthy, in a tone of surprise. "When did you arrive?"

"Why?" asked Joe.

"Oh, nothing. Just asked you. I suppose you've reached town, for I haven't seen you about the hotel."

"What hotel?"

"The Eureka, where all the traveling men put up."

"How do you know but I'm at the Brunswick?"

"The Brunswick! Why, that's a \$4 house. No fear of you going there."

"That so? Is there any rule among travelers that bar them from the best hotels?"

"No, only the fact that their firms don't usually care to pay fancy expenses."

"Well, if a drummer chuses to pay the difference himself, what then?"

"I don't know any drummer who would be so foolish."

"How are you making out?"

"I'm doing well. I always do. I can do business in the slowest place on the map."

"I'm glad you are not in my line, then. Probably you would take all my trade."

"You'd find the leavings mighty poor," said Marsh, loftily. "I'm a crackerjack. That's why I'm out for myself."

Evidently Marsh had a good opinion of his own abilities.

"When did you see your friend Avery last?"

"Haven't seen him since I introduced you to him at Carlin."

Marsh told the lie without turning a hair. Joe left him abruptly, glad to be rid of him. The boy salesman didn't see Marsh again while he remained at Clinton. He went to Dexter on the midday local. He hunted up an expressman and engaged him to take his trunk and cases to the Farmer's Hotel. He helped the man put his baggage on the wagon.

"I expect a package at the express office. You'd better come and get it," said Joe to the expressman.

The express office was in the station building. The package had arrived. Joe paid the charges on it and told the man to shoulder it. He started on ahead himself. As he turned the corner of the building he was nearly paralyzed to see three men, two on the platform and one in the wagon, lifting his trunk out.

"Here, drop that trunk, you rascals!" cried Joe, rushing forward and seizing one of the men by the shoulders.

"What's the matter with you?" snarled the fellow.

"That's my property, so just leave it where it is," said the boy salesman.

"Your property? I guess not. It's mine.

Stand out of the way," said the chap, in a belligerent way.

"Drop it, I tell you!" cried Joe.

"Soak him, Webster!" said the man.

Webster made a pass at the boy salesman. Joe dodged the blow and then, quick as a wink, he hit the fellow in the mouth and knocked him off the platform. Then he went for other fellow. Just then the expressman can. p.

"Here, what are you doing in my wagon? Get out of there!" he said.

The chaps, seeing that matters were going against them, got out pretty quick. The fellow Joe had knocked down picked up a part of a brick and started to brain the boy with it. The expressman knocked up his arm as he threw the brick. The missile, instead of striking Joe's head, landed on his opponent's forehead and cut a gash three inches long. The fellow staggered and fell, quite dazed. Joe sprang into the back of the wagon and the expressman mounted the seat and drove off, leaving the discomfited rascals behind. The boy salesman suspected Avery was at the bottom of the trick. He learned from the hotel clerk that Avery had been there for two days, and had left that morning for Dunkerville. Joe did a large picture postal business in Dexter, getting rid of so much of his stock that he had to send for more, the package to be delivered at his next stopping place.

Before leaving Dexter he received a letter from Dora Western. This informed him that she and her father were about to return home. She managed to find enough to fill up four pages. Joe was delighted to hear from his new friend. He answered the letter right away, and sent it to her Chicago address. Next morning he left Dexter for Baldwin. Here, as in Dexter, he found that Avery had been ahead of him and had done some business, but his efforts did not materially hurt the boy salesman any. For the next two weeks things went smoothly with him, then he reached Suffolk, a large manufacturing town, on Saturday night. He was always glad when Sunday came around, for after a week's hustle he was pretty well tired out. Joe slept late next morning, and as he was stopping at a house on the European plan, with a restaurant attached, he got his breakfast a la carte. He lounged around the hotel, writing letters and reading the newspapers till he got hungry again and then he dined. He was sitting on the hotel piazza picking his teeth when a bellboy came up to him and handed him an envelope. Opening it, Joe found an invitation from the buyer of the biggest store in town to visit him that evening. The boy salesman was rather surprised. He had not met the buyer yet, and an invitation to his house was something unusual. The writer, who signed his name as George White, said that the bearer would bring him to his house.

"Where is the person who brought this note?" he asked the bellboy.

"He's at the desk," replied the boy.

Joe got up and went inside. A sporty-looking young fellow was talking to the clerk.

"Is that the man?" said Joe.

"Yes," said the boy.

Joe walked up to him.

"You brought a note for me from Mr. White," said the boy salesman.

"Right you are. Are you Joe Thompson?"

"That's my name."

"Traveling salesman for the Chicago Book Company?"

"Yes."

"Then you are the party. Are you ready to go with me?"

"How far is Mr. White's house from here?"

"It's some distance, on the suburbs. We'll go pretty near there by trolley."

Joe considered and then decided to go. He was afraid he might offend the buyer by refusing, and that would make some difference in his treatment when they came to talk business. He and the sporty chap got on a car and were whirled out to the outskirts.

"We get off here," said Joe's conductor.

They got off and started up a road or street, on which there were many pretty residences. Three blocks from the trolley the sporty chap turned into a cross-road which led past a deserted blacksmith shop, the door of which stood ajar.

"I left a package here," said the sport, pushing the door open.

He stepped inside and started over to a rude stairway running to the half-story above. Joe remained outside close to the door, waiting. Suddenly a noose dropped over his head and settled about his arms. Before he could recover from his surprise he was jerked inside, seized by two pairs of hands and gagged with a handkerchief. A second handkerchief was tied about his eyes. Then he was pulled up to a post and bound to it with the slack end of the rope. Thus, in a small fraction of time, he found himself a prisoner and perfectly helpless.

CHAPTER IX.—Locked in a Freight Car.

It was impossible for the boy salesman to see who his captors were, but he had no doubt that his sporty companion was one of them. For what purpose had he been enticed to that spot? If robbery was the object of his aggressors they made no immediate attempt to deprive him of his money and other valuables. He could hear them talking in low tones a short distance away, and there seemed to be three of them. Joe soon began to surmise that there was something more in the case than had struck him at first. His suspicions attached themselves to Avery and Marsh. They had put up some game on him, with the assistance of the sport. He made an effort to free himself, though he felt sure he could not get away, but he could not bear the idea of standing there like the fool he realized he was. Thus twenty minutes passed away and then the men went to the door and looked out on the road, probably to see if any one was coming that way. No one was. Joe heard the word wagon mentioned, and that seemed to indicate that the party contemplated a change of base, in which he would doubtless be included. After what seemed to be an endless wait, Joe heard

the sound of wagon wheels. They came along the road and stopped outside the building.

"Here's the wagon," said one of the men.

They rose from their seats, came down the stairs and one of them opened the door.

"Here I am with the rig," said the sporty individual.

"Did you bring the sack?" asked one of the men.

"Sure I brought it. It's in the wagon."

"Fetch it in here."

The sport brought the sack, which was formed of two gunny-bags, the bottom of one having been cut off and sewed to the other so as to lengthen the bag out. Joe was removed from the post, the slack of the line wound around his arms and body and made fast, and then he was shoved into the sack, feet first, the open end being loosely tied around his neck, thus leaving his head exposed. The helpless Joe was lifted and carried outside to the wagon, into which he was shoved. The three men got on the seat and drove off toward the lonely siding, where several freight cars, locked and sealed, ready for the night freight to pick them up, stood. This siding was within sight and not far from the station. On Sunday nights there was nothing doing between eight and twelve, and not a whole lot at any time before those hours. Only half of the local trains ran on Sunday, and there was at least two hours' interval between the arrival and departure of the express trains. There were no trains at all between eight and midnight, when the night express stopped, then the west-bound freight came along. When the wagon reached the siding there was nothing in sight but the red, green and white lights of the switches, and a dim light in the station. The hour was nine, and the agent was upstairs with his family, for he lived at the station. The freight cars, six of them, loomed against the background of the sky. The wagon approached the siding slowly, so that the wheels and the horse made little noise. The two men left the sport on the seat and went forward to reconnoiter. Satisfied that the siding was wholly deserted, they began an examination of the cars.

"One of these cars is unlocked," said the man with Marsh's voice. "I wonder if it's going to be taken? If it is it will save us the trouble of breaking the seal and lock on one of the other cars and fixing it up again in a way that will cover the fact that it has been tampered with."

"Look into it and see if it has any freight aboard," said his companion.

The first speaker rolled the door carefully back half its length, sprang into the car and struck a match. The car was nearly full of heavy cases and big bags, a class of freight that was not likely to be stolen by any one inclined that way.

"The car is pretty well loaded," said the man, sticking his head out, "and I guess it'll go on with the others. We'll stick the boob in here. He'll be safe enough, whether the door is locked or not. He can't get out of the bag, and the gag will prevent him calling for assistance when the crew of the freight arrive."

"That's first-rate. It simplifies matters and saves time," said the other.

The two men went back to the wagon and the sport was called upon to give a hand in lifting the boy salesman out of the wagon and in carrying him over to the car selected for his reception. Joe by this time realized the fate that was in store for him. He was to be shipped out of town in a freight car to some point where the car was bound. Naturally he objected to such a proceeding, but he could not help himself. There wasn't the slightest doubt now in his mind that Marsh and Avery were at the bottom of the outrage. No one else had any reason to treat him that way. The question was, would he be able to prove anything against the rascals when he got out of his predicament? He did not suppose he would be many hours in the freight car. He judged that his enemies merely wished to get him out of the way long enough to enable them to wreck his baggage. The rascals, he reasoned, faced the chance of detection in entering his room at the hotel. He wondered how they had got hold of a passkey that would admit them to the room. Was this another case where a chambermaid was implicated in crooked work, or had one of the men managed to steal the key from her pocket, or out of a door where she had temporarily left it? It was impossible to say. The rascals, by the statement of one of them, whom he believed to be Marsh, had the passkey and they intended to use it to accomplish their purpose. The helpless boy salesman was lifted into the freight car and placed on top of a big bundle of some kind of soft stuff, like rags. There the men left him, jumping out and closing the car door tight. They put the hasp across the staple and slipped the pin in to hold the door. They had found this pin out and the heavy hasp hanging down. All the other cars were locked with padlocks and the doors sealed at two spots. The pin for temporary use was hanging down. The padlock of the unlocked car should have been attached to the staple, but it was not. The three rascals then regained their wagon and drove back the way they had come, passing the deserted blacksmith shop without stopping, and heading in for the business section of the town.

At a certain corner the men whom Joe suspected to be Marsh and Avery got down after one of them had passed the sporty man a bill, then that young chap drove off, while the two men proceeded along on foot. When they entered the Commercial Hotel it was close on to ten o'clock. They lounged around a few minutes and then started to go upstairs. At that moment a man tapped Marsh on the shoulder. Turning around with a start he recognized Pierre Larue, a liquor salesman, whom he had met and lost sight of after the four travelers, who had met together at the wayside station, as described in the first chapter, parted at Carlin.

"Ha, M'sieur Marsh, dees ees one unexpected pleasure," said the Frenchman.

It might have been a pleasure to him to see Marsh again, but Marsh did not reciprocate the sentiment. Neither he nor Avery wanted to meet any one just then. Avery did not know the Frenchman, and Marsh had to introduce the men.

"I would ask you bese to ze bar, but eet ees close on Sunday night," said Larue. "However,

dat ees no matter. I haf ze fine cognac and some ozzer liquors in my trunk. You bese come to my room and I treat you."

"Thanks, Larue, but really we haven't time," replied Marsh.

"What! You haf no time to take one leetle drink wiz me? Parbleu, why not?"

"Oh, we'll take one drink with you, but we cannot stay."

"Dat shall not matter. I haf ze engagement dat vill take me out. Maybe on ze morrow we come togezzer again and haf a leetle talk."

They went to the Frenchman's room. He opened his trunk and took out a leathern case of liquors, the sight of which would have given Marsh much satisfaction at any other time.

"You vill take ze cognac or somes'ing else?" said Larue.

"Brandy is good enough for me," said Marsh.

"Same here," said Avery.

The Frenchman produced three small glasses and poured a good drink into each.

"Here ees your good healths, m'sieurs," said Larue.

"Yours," replied the two men, and then all drank.

"Joe Tonson, I see he ees registered here," said Larue. "You haf seen heem, oui?"

"No, I haven't seen him," lied Marsh.

"How long haf you been in dees town?"

"Three days."

"Maybe he has just arrive. He ees a fine, smart boy. I like heem varee much though I haf not known him long. I wonder how he ees making out. He vill make ze bon salesman by and by when he pick up a leetle more experience," said Larue.

"I guess so," replied Marsh, carelessly.

They spent half an hour with the Frenchman and then they went to Marsh's room as a bluff, while Larue went downstairs.

CHAPTER X.—Jimmy, the Waif.

In the meanwhile Joe had made many strenuous attempts to free himself from the rope that encompassed his arms and body. If he could get his right arm free the knife in his pocket would soon free him from the rope and the bag, as well as the gag, and the handkerchief across his eyes. Although the rope was not wound extra tight around him it had been secured so that it would not give way, and so the boy salesman failed in his object. He had learned from the talk of the men that the freight would be along soon after midnight. It was on its way now some miles back, and would take a siding to get out of the way of the night express. It would follow that train after it had passed. Joe figured that if he was to secure his release from the car he must get free before the freight arrived. He did not know how late it was, but judged it was already after ten. At the most he had but two hours before him. He did not know that his enemies had locked the door by means of the hasp and the iron pin, which was just as effectually a bar against his escape as the padlock would have been. He knew it would be a serious matter for

him if he were carried to the destination of the car. How far that destination was he had no idea. It might be only the night's run, or it might be two or more days' run. In the latter case he was bound to suffer for the want of food and water. Indeed, he might be held in the car so long that he would starve to death, then the papers would be filled with the story of a mysterious railroad murder. That would put a full stop to his career in life, at the very time when his ambition saw success ahead.

It was between eleven and twelve when Joe, feeling decidedly blue over the prospect ahead, heard a noise somewhere behind him. His first thought was that there were rats in the car. Then he heard a scraping sound and finally an exclamation in a boy's voice.

"Hully gee! Me nut's broke! Wot do dey put sich t'ings ag'in de roof of de car for? I'll have to bring soot for damages. Gosh! me head rings like a cracked bell. I must get down and stretch me legs. Den I'll have me supper and go to sleep ag'in. Not'in' like havin' a private car to me-self. Dat's wot I call travelin' in style. No ridin' on de bumpers for me. Dat's good enough for common tramps, but I'm a gent of leisure for de present. When I get to me journey's end I'll go to work and make a nob of meself." Thus spoke the kid, unconsciously aloud, as he wormed his way out of a nook at the top and end of the freight car. Then he stepped down on Joe's body, slipped and fell upon the boy salesman with such force as to wring a groan from the victim's lips. The groan sounded particularly weird in that dark and silent car.

"Hully smoke! Wot's dat?" gasped the boy tramp, considerably frightened by the sepulchral sound.

"Help! Help!" cried Joe, in smothered accents.

"Oh, my! dis car is haunted! It's me for the ties. I would not stay here for a mine."

"Help! help! help!" shouted Joe.

"Gosh! Dat sounded like somebody callin' for help. Mebbe it ain't no ghost, after all, but some tramp dat's squeezed in behind de freight and can't get out."

Joe heard every word he said.

"Help! help! help!" he cried again.

"Who are you? Where are yer?" said the kid.

"Here," said Joe.

"Dat sounded close. I wonder if I've got a match in me clothes? Blamed if I haven't, and it's me last one," he said.

He struck it and looked around on top of the freight. There, close to him, he saw a long gunny-sack and a head of hair, and a part of a face stuck out of the end of it.

"For de love of Pete! Wot's dis? Somebody shipped in a sack. If dat doesn't get me goat."

He held the match close to Joe's face and saw he was gagged and blindfolded.

"Dis looks like somebody dat had been done up and chucked in here."

He tore the handkerchief from the boy salesman's eyes, and then the cloth from his mouth.

"Thanks," said Joe. "You've saved me."

"Glad to hear it, cully. If I had a knife I'd cut yer out of de sack, but I left me pertater-peeler wit' me uncle," said the youth, as the match went out.

"The bag is tied about my neck. Feel there and loosen it up. Then you can pull it off me," said Joe.

"I'll do dat wit' all de pleasure in de world, pardner. How came yer to be fixed up in dis here style?" he said, as he proceeded to feel for the cord and to loosen it up.

"I was trapped by a couple of rascals who are enemies of mine."

"Is dat a fact?"

Joe proceeded to explain more fully.

"Well, well, dem blokes are real bad uns," he said, pulling the bag down around Joe's body as far as his waist. "Gee! Dey've got yer wound around wit' a mile of rope and it's knotted in de back."

"Put your hand in my right pocket and you'll find a knife," said Joe.

The youth pulled out the knife and speedily cut the rope and unwound it. Then he pulled the bag away from Joe altogether and at last the boy salesman was free.

"We must get out of this car at once, before the freight comes along," said Joe.

"You kin get out, but dis chicken stays. I'm bound on a free ride to de end of de route wherever dat is," said the boy.

"What's your name? Mine is Joe Thompson, and I'm a traveling salesman."

"Me name is Jimmy Miles, and I'm travelin' on me shape," grinned the kid, but the grin was lost in the darkness.

"Well, I'm very grateful to you, Jimmy. You may have saved my life. Here's a \$5 bill for you, with my thanks."

"How much, boss?"

"Five dollars."

"Hully smoke! I ain't owned \$5 at one time in me life. I'm rich. T'anks! Yer a real gent. Glad I wuz able to help yer out of yer fix."

"Well, good-by, Jimmy. I should be glad to meet you again, but I suppose that won't happen."

"I reckon not, for I'm bound West as far as I kin get."

"Where do you expect to fetch up at finally?"

"Southern Californy."

"What is taking you there?"

"Dis car'll take me part of de way, I reckon."

"What's your object in going so far? Where have you come from?"

"I come from Noo York. I'm sick of de place. I've heard dat Southern Californy is de finest place in de world. Dey grow wine dere, and oranges and lemons. I'm goin' to look for a job on a wine place, or at pickin' fruit."

"Well, I wish you success."

As he laid his hand on the door he heard the rumble of the night express in the distance.

"Here's the express. The freight will come right behind it, then you'll be off if the crew of the train don't rout you out. If they do, come to the Commercial Hotel, in town, and ask for me, and I'll see you're taken care of for the night, at any rate."

"Don't worry, boss. Dem blokes won't find me in dis car. I've got a hole up near de roof where—what's de matter?" as Joe uttered an exclamation.

"Those scoundrels locked the door; now I can't get out," said the boy salesman.

"Dat's too bad for you. Yer'll have to wait till the freight comes and den kick up a rumpus on the door to attract deir attention."

"I s'pose so. It's too bad. They might not hear me, and then I'd be carried on to the next stop, and perhaps farther."

The express rushed by and up to the station, the rush of the train drowning his voice.

"I guess I'll eat me supper," said Jimmy, opening a long bag and feeling about in its capacious depths.

"You were smart to provide yourself with food if you intended stealing a ride in a closed freight car," said Joe.

"Sure I wuz smart. I wuz born dat way. I cut me eye-teet' in me cradle, and it ain't often I get left. A feller wot's alone in de world and has to hustle for bed and grub can't go to sleep, boss."

"I should say not. I have to hustle for a living myself. How long have you been out on the world, Jimmy?"

"Gosh! I dunno; ever since I kin remember."

"Then you must have had a hard time of it."

"Take it from me, pardner, it ain't been no sinecure."

"Suppose this car were to go clear to San Francisco, have you got food and water enough to last you out?"

"Gosh, no; but dere's no fear of dis car goin' so far. If it goes to Kansas City, I'll be satisfied."

"Then you'll try to get a free ride on another car?"

"Sure. I ain't got no bones to pay me way in a Pullman."

"Well, here's my card, Jimmy, with my Chicago address. If you get back that way, give me a call. I'll be glad to see you again."

"T'anks, but I don't expect to get back. When I get to Southern Californy I'll send you a postil-card lettin' you know."

"Do so. I'll be delighted to hear from you."

A long whistle up the road announced the approach of the night freight. It soon came rumbling up on the main track and stopped.

"You'd better hide, Jimmy; I'm going to make a noise," said Joe.

"Good-by, boss. If I don't see yer ag'in, I'll remember yer."

They clasped hands and in another moment Jimmy was scrambling up into his retreat among the bales, a hole just large enough to hold him comfortably.

CHAPTER XI.—The Man at the Window.

Joe waited till he heard the voices of the men outside who were examining the paper notices on the cars. When they came to the car he was in he began kicking at the door and calling out. He was heard and the door was opened.

"Jump out, my fine fellow," said one of the men, expecting to see a tramp.

The others got ready to give him a rousing reception, for if there is anything freight-train men are sore on it's a tramp. Many a pitched battle they have with the hobos, and quite often one or more of their number are hurt by the rustlers of the road. Joe knew that he was likely to be roughly handled in the dark before he had time

to explain his identity, so he was wary about jumping down.

"Look here, my friends, don't take me for a tramp, for I'm not," said the boy.

"What are you, then?" asked the man, flashing his lantern at Joe.

"I'm the victim of a low-down trick."

"What do you mean by that?"

The boy salesman explained. He said he was a traveling book salesman and was stopping at the Commercial Hotel in town. He had a business rival and also another enemy, and he laid the job to them. He told them how he had been tied up and encased in a large bag and put in the car and locked in. He showed the rope and the bag as evidence of the truth of his story. As he was well dressed and told a straight story, the men believed him.

"You ought to have those chaps arrested," said one of the men.

"I intend to if I can get enough evidence against them. As the case stands their denial in court will be as good as my assertion."

"Didn't the clerk of the hotel see you go off with that sporty chap?"

"Yes. And the bellboy brought me the decoy note."

"Well, that's evidence against him. Have him arrested and maybe you can get him to squeal on the others, then you'll have them."

"I shall talk to the police about it."

"Good night. You had a lucky escape."

Joe walked back to the hotel, and it was a long walk, for there were no trolley cars running, as far as he could see. He got his key and went up to his room. It was after one then. He expected to find his baggage wrecked, and was pleasantly surprised to find that nothing had happened to it.

"I guess the rascals were afraid to enter my room, after all," he said, as he prepared for bed.

The truth was Marsh and Avery had been met at Joe's door by a party of roomers whose acquaintance they had made, and those chaps insisted on them going to their room and taking a hand in a game of pinochle for fifty cents a game. The play was still on when Joe got back. He was sound asleep when the card party broke up at half-past two, and Marsh and Avery, after going to their room for a few minutes, proceeded to carry out their project. When Marsh inserted the passkey in Joe's lock he met with a surprise. There was already a key in the lock on the inside. This indicated that the room had a tenant.

"That kid must have escaped from the car," he said.

"What makes you think he did?" Avery asked.

"Because he's in his room now."

"He is? How do you know that?"

"There is a key in the lock."

"The dickens! Then we're blocked."

"We certainly are. Hang that Frenchman! If it hadn't been for him, we'd have put the job through hours ago, before the kid could possibly have got back."

"I suppose we'll have to give it up?" said Avery.

"Of course. We're dished. The boy has made his escape, or he wouldn't be in his room now. Come on, we might as well turn in."

They walked away.

"I hope he will have no suspicions that we put up the job on him when he sees us in the hotel to-morrow."

"Why should he? Don't worry. We're safe enough."

They separated at Avery's door, and the corridor became silent. Next morning Joe came down about eight to get his breakfast in the restaurant. Remembering that his enemies had a passkey to his room, he stopped at the desk and told the clerk about it.

"That doesn't seem possible," said the clerk incredulously.

"Whether it seems possible or not, I know it to be a fact," said Joe.

He then related his experiences of the evening before.

"I'll see the proprietor about the matter," said the clerk.

"I hope you will. I am going to lay my stock out in my room, and it won't pay me to have it tampered with. It isn't so much the value of the samples as the inconvenience and loss I would be put to if some one got in there and spoiled them. I've warned you now, so it's up to the house to protect me."

"Who do you suspect?"

"I'm not saying, for I haven't got convincing evidence against the parties, but they're stopping at this hotel, and they have got hold of that key somehow."

"The matter shall be investigated."

"All right," said Joe, who then went to breakfast.

After the meal Joe went to his room and laid out his stock for the inspection of the buyers he expected to call that day. His visitors occupied the greater part of the day, and the boy salesman did not go out till half-past four when he went to the station house and reported the outrage which had been committed on him the night before.

"Why didn't you report this before?" he was asked.

"Because I couldn't get away from the hotel."

A detective was called, to whom Joe related the circumstances and described the sport.

"I know the chap," said the officer. "His name is Ted Lewis, alias the Sport. I'll get him, and we'll see what I can get out of him. As he was merely the accomplice in the case, it may be well to let up on him if he confesses."

"I have no objection to that," replied Joe.

"You're rooming at the Commercial Hotel?"

"Yes."

"You will hear from us as soon as we get the man."

Joe spent the evening looking up store addresses in the Suffolk directory. He had not seen Marsh or Avery all day. Those worthies were careful to avoid meeting him. They spent the evening at an adjacent billiard parlor and didn't go to their rooms till late. The proprietor made an investigation among his women help in respect to the passkey, but nothing was developed. The girls all showed their keys and declared they had not been out of their possession for a moment except while they stood in the locks of the rooms. The proprietor then ordered a watch to be kept on Joe's room when he was out, hoping to catch the persons who had possession of the key. The watch produced no results.

Neither did the detective catch Ted Lewis. Marsh had warned him of Joe's escape from the freight car, and advised him to leave town for a week, by which time the boy salesman would have left Suffolk for his next stopping place. Joe did a satisfactory business in the town, and then started on for Cadiz. Avery had already proceeded to that town and was doing some business there when he got Marsh's telegram to the effect that Joe had started for the town. Marsh went on the same train. He and Avery met at the station and had a talk. Joe saw Marsh and Avery together in the reading room of the hotel that evening and that put him on his guard.

"Of course, they know I'm here," he said to himself. "Probably they'll try to pull off something on me. I must keep my eyes open."

Joe patronized a theater that evening and returned to the hotel about eleven. He turned in and was soon asleep. Two hours later something awakened him, and he sat up in his bed. There was a noise at his window. A man was standing on the window sill, holding on to the fire escape with one hand, while he was pushing up the window, little by little, with the other. Joe sprang out of bed, pushed the button in the wall communicating with the office, and unlocked the door, leaving it slightly ajar. His movements escaped the notice of the would-be intruder. Joe filled a tumbler with water, and when the man stooped down to enter his window he threw the water in his face. The intruder uttered an ejaculation of surprise, lost his hold on the fire escape and fell backward into the court that furnished light and air to the rooms in that part of the hotel. A tremendous crash of glass followed as the man smashed through the big skylight in the rear of the restaurant. At that moment there came a knock on the door.

"Come in!" said Joe, lighting the gas.

The night bellboy entered.

"Did you hear that crash just now?" Joe asked.

"Yes," answered the bellboy.

"A man fell from my window onto the skylight. Run down and tell the clerk."

The boy did so. An investigation followed, but, strange to say, the man was not found stretched out from the effect of the bad fall. A light table lay in ruins in the middle of the floor. It seemed clear that the man had struck on it and that the contact had broken his fall. He could not have been much injured, but he had made his escape without leaving a trace behind him. A search was made for him, but he was not found. The back door opening onto the alley behind the hotel was discovered to be open, and this showed how the unknown had got away. Joe was surprised when he learned that the man who fell from his window through the skylight had escaped.

"It seems to me that fall was enough to break his neck," he said to the night clerk.

"Some men are born lucky," said the clerk.

"He was one of the fortunately few, then. I wish I knew who he was."

He had his suspicions, but they amounted to nothing. A little later Marsh entered the hotel with one of his hands bound up. He went directly to his room, and the night passed without further alarm.

CHAPTER XII.—The Girl That Joe Rescued from the Bearded Man.

Next morning Joe found a letter from Dora Western awaiting him. This was letter number three, which showed that the young people were corresponding quite regularly. Joe read the letter while he was waiting for his order to be served by the restaurant waiter. Cadiz proved to be another good town for his trade, and he sold bills to all the important stores that carried his line of goods. He learned that Avery had been there ahead of him. The New York man sold in many cases to the smaller stores, and in two or three cases induced the buyer of a large store to give his line a trial.

All things considered, the man had done very well. Joe figured that he was likely to do better the farther he went West if he kept ahead, so he decided that he would have to hustle harder and catch up with him. After devoting half a day to his side line, and doing first class with it, he took the 6.10 train for Berwick, the next place on his route. The train was an accommodation one and the car entered was crowded. The only vacant seat was beside a pretty girl of about eighteen years.

"Is this seat occupied, miss?" he asked.

"No," she answered, in a low tone.

Joe took possession of it and took out the Cadiz afternoon paper to read. The girl was reading a book. Three-quarters of an hour elapsed and the train was drawing near Berwick when Joe got up and went to get a drink of water, leaving his grip on the seat. When he got back he found a bearded man in his seat and his grip on the floor. As there was only a short distance more to go, he did not consider it worth while to rout the man out of the seat, so he picked up his grip and stood in the aisle. Ten minutes later the train ran into the station.

Joe was one of the first off the car, and he soon arranged to have his baggage taken to the Tecumseh Hotel. As he started for the bus he noticed some excitement on the platform near where the cabs stood. He heard the excited cries of a girl there and he walked over to see what was in the wind. In the center of the bunch of spectators was the girl beside whom he had sat on the train, and with her was the bearded man who had taken his seat. The man had hold of the girl by the arm and was pushing her toward one of the cabs. She was holding back and protesting vigorously.

"I don't know this man," she said, appealing to the crowd. "He has no right to claim that he's my uncle. I won't go with him."

"It's a sad case," said the man, in a soft and persuasive tone. "My poor niece is mentally unbalanced. She eluded our vigilance and ran away from our home. I followed and caught her and am bringing her back."

"He is not telling the truth. I never saw him before in my life. Oh, won't somebody interfere, and make him release me?" she begged piteously.

Nobody seemed inclined to interfere.

"Come on, my dear. You must get in this cab. Your aunt is nearly distracted over your escape. Come!" and he gave her a shove forward.

"Hold on!" interposed Joe. "Do you claim to be this young lady's uncle?"

"I do," said the man, his tone becoming aggressive when the boy blocked the path to the vehicle.

"He is not my uncle. He is a stranger to me. I don't know what he means by forcing himself upon me. He must be a bad man!" cried the girl, almost hysterically.

"You see," said the man to the crowd, "her talk and actions show that she is not just right in her upper story. I can prove my reliability. My name is Andrew Jackson, and I am a merchant of this town. Here is one of my business cards," and he showed it so all could see.

The spectators seemed convinced that his story was true and began walking away. Joe was not convinced, by any means. The young lady was alone in the seat when he entered the car at Cadiz. In response to his remark, she said the other half was unoccupied. They had ridden together nearly all the way to Berwick and the bearded man had not appeared until he went to get a drink of water. Although this man had occupied the seat beside the girl, Joe was sure he had not spoken to her, nor had she noticed him in any way. Under these circumstances, and in face of the girl's vehement protest, Joe regarded the claim of the bearded man as more than suspicious.

"Stand out of the way, young man," said the bearded individual, securing a fresh grip on the girl's arm.

"I think this matter requires a little more investigation," said Joe coolly. "Your story may be all right, but I doubt it."

"You doubt it?" snorted the man. "What business have you to interfere?"

"I am taking the liberty of interfering in the young lady's interest. She doesn't want to go with you. She denies you are her uncle. In fact, asserts that you are a complete stranger to her. Under such circumstances her statement is entitled to consideration."

"I tell you she is mentally unbalanced!" almost hissed the man.

"I have only your word for that, and it doesn't count with me unless you can corroborate it. We will refer this case to a policeman. If you can satisfy him that everything is as you say, well and good."

"I want no policeman in the case. I have had publicity enough as it is. Get into the cab, miss."

"Why don't you call her by name, if she's your niece?"

"What's that your business?"

"Well, I'm making it my business."

"Stand out of the way."

The bearded man gave him a shove, and, taking advantage of the movement, forced the girl into the vehicle, slammed the door, and shouted to the driver to go on.

"Stop!" roared Joe, now convinced that some crooked game was under way.

The driver paid no attention to him. Joe made a spring after the cab as it was turning around, seized the door and pulled it open. Then he had to spring on the step to save himself from being carried off his feet. It was impossible for the

girl to get out, so Joe stepped inside as the vehicle drove rapidly away. The bearded man rushed after the cab and shouted to the driver, but his voice was lost in the sounds around the station, or the driver thought it was Joe who was yelling to him again to stop, and so he whipped up and went all the faster.

"Don't get frightened, miss. I will protect you," said Joe to the fair stranger, who was all up in the air, so to speak.

"Oh, oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Put your trust in me and I will see you out of this, miss. Tell me your name and who you are coming to see in this town?"

"My name is Nellie Farren. I live in Corinth, and came on here to visit my aunt, Mrs. Granger, who lives at No. 201 Beach street."

"Your aunt ought to have been at the station to meet you."

"I expected to meet her, and I don't know whether she was there or not. That awful man so upset me that I did not know what I was doing. Won't you stop the cab and let me get out?"

"I have no control over this cab. The man wouldn't stop for me. But I shall help you to escape from the vehicle as soon as it does stop, and I will also see that you reach your aunt's house in safety."

"Oh, thank you! I am very grateful to you."

"That's all right. You are welcome to my aid and protection."

The cab rushed along for several blocks and then stopped suddenly to avoid a dray ahead. Joe was on the lookout for a chance of this kind. When he felt the cab haul up he opened the door swiftly, grabbed the girl about the waist and lifted her out as he stepped down himself. As he closed the door the vehicle started on again, the driver, unaware that he had lost his passenger, for he supposed he had only the girl in the cab. Joe hurried the young lady to the sidewalk.

"Now we must go to your aunt's house," he said. "Are you acquainted with the town?"

"No; I have never been here before," she answered.

"Neither have I," he said. "I am a traveling salesman, and this is my first trip on the road. However, we'll find the street. Let us go into this drug store. We shall probably find a directory of the town, and that will give us a line on the street."

Just then a policeman came along. Joe stopped him and asked him where Beach street was.

"It's a mile from here, at the other side of town, in the residential district. It is in the suburbs of the town."

"This young lady's aunt lives in that street and I am taking her there. Is there a trolley line running in that direction?"

"Take the green car marked Coldenham. It passes up this street. Go to the corner and wait for it. That will take you close to Beach street."

Joe thanked the officer.

"I guess you'll have no further trouble now, Miss Farren. I will go with you, however, to make sure that you reach your destination. You are still a bit upset and might go astray."

"You are very kind to me, and I am indeed very grateful to you. I don't know what I should have done but for you. Nobody else did a thing for

me, though a crowd of people was around the man and me. You will tell me your name, will you not?"

"I thought I did. It is Joseph Thompson, and I live in Chicago. Here is my business card," and he handed her one.

"I shall never forget what you have done for me, Mr. Thompson."

"I suppose not, as you have received quite a shock."

A green car came along and they took it.

"How near to Beach street does this car go, conductor?" asked Joe.

"It crosses it."

"Let us out there, will you? We are both strangers in this town."

"I will."

In twenty minutes, during which Joe had got pretty well acquainted with Miss Farren, they reached Beach street and alighted. No. 201 was close by and Joe escorted the girl to the door. It was a pretty little cottage, surrounded by a neat hedge. Mrs. Granger was a widow with a couple of grown-up children. One of them, a girl of sixteen, came to the door.

"Jessie!" "Nellie!" cried the girls simultaneously, as they embraced and kissed.

"Why, didn't you meet mother?" said Jessie Granger.

"No, because something dreadful happened to me," said Nellie.

"Something dreadful! What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you presently. Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Thompson."

Jessie bowed and smiled, and at the same time wondered who the young man was. Perhaps she suspected he might be her cousin's fiance, though she had not heard that Nellie had one, who had brought her from Corinth.

"I owe Mr. Thompson a great deal, Jessie. You don't know how much!" said Nellie.

"Come in, Mr. Thompson," said Jessie.

"Thank you, I can't stay. I must get back to my hotel. I am a very busy individual. Glad to have met you both. Should be happy to see you again, Miss Farren, if I had the chance, but hardly think it likely. Good by!" and he was off.

"Isn't he good looking!" exclaimed Jessie, as the two girls looked after Joe.

"He's more than good looking—he's the finest boy in the world—a real man," said Nellie earnestly, as they entered the house.

CHAPTER XIII.—Joe Meets Jimmy, the Waif, Again.

Joe got busy with his trade next morning and sold several bills of goods. The buyers told him they had been visited by Avery, but had bought nothing from him. When the boy salesman started out to visit the small stores he found that Avery had cut him out of several of them. On the afternoon of the third day he was finishing up the town with his side line, doing a rushing business in that, as usual, when he came face to face with Miss Nellie Farren, and a motherly woman, on the sidewalk. He raised his hat and was passing on when the girl stopped him.

"I want my aunt to know you," she said.

"Aunty, this is Mr. Thompson, the young man who saved me from being carried away by that man at the station."

Mrs. Granger shook hands with Joe and told him how much she appreciated the service he had done for her niece.

"It is quite a satisfaction to me to know that I disarranged that rascal's scheme, whatever it was," smiled Joe.

"We are forever indebted to you. I should be happy to have you call at my house," said the aunt.

"I shall be pleased to do so, but I am going to leave town at seven to-night, so that will be impossible. Should I return this way later on, I will endeavor to call on you," said the boy salesman.

"I am sorry you are leaving so soon," said Nellie.

"Well, I'll drop you a picture postal from the towns I visit, if you like. Some people are making a collection of them."

"I should be glad if you would," she said, giving his hand a gentle pressure as they shook hands and parted.

"She's a fine girl," thought Joe, as he walked on. "So is Dora Western. They are both peaches. I can hardly say which I like best. It's a toss-up. And both of them are under obligations to me. How things happen in this world!"

The first thing Joe did when he arrived at Easton that evening was to send one of his prettiest picture postals to Miss Farren, with the following:

"Arrived here all right. Am at the Hotel Cadeau. Will remain till Sunday. J. T."

When he walked into the reading room that evening, he found Pierre Larue there, reading a paper.

"How do you do, Mr. Larue!" he said.

The Frenchman looked up.

"Aha! M'sieur Tonson. Eet ees von grand pleasure to meet you vonce more," said Larue, shaking hands. "I look for you at Cadiz, but I mees you. How ees things? You are making ze grand success, oui?"

"I am doing first rate, thank you, though I have a rival ahead of me."

"A rival! Ah, I see. Anozzer fellow in ze same line."

"Yes. His name is Avery."

"Averee! Ze name eet sounds familiar. I meet him somewhere."

"Perhaps at Cadiz. He was there."

"Oui, oui. Dat fellow Marsh he introduce me to heem in ze hotel. I take heem to my room and treat dem to cognac. Dey drink like ze feesh of ze sea. When you arrive?"

"An hour or so ago."

"What you haf on ze hooks dees evening?"

"Nothing."

"Nossing? Den you do me ze honair of ze vaudeville dees evening?"

"Yes, I'll go with you. How long have you been in town?"

"Two day. I skeep ze place to-morrow."

So they attended the theatre later on.

On their way back to the hotel a small boy ran up to Joe.

"Hello, boss! Didn't expect to see you here."

"Why, is that you, Jimmy?" asked Joe, in surprise.

"Sure it's me. Me car didn't go no furdur an' I had to leave it. I'm watchin' me chance to get anudder car to meself."

"So you're bound to get to Southern California, somehow, aren't you?"

"Bet your life I am! I'll get dere if it takes me all summer."

"Well, I'm glad to see you again. How is your coin holding out?"

"I've got most of de fiver left yet."

"Here's another dollar."

"T'anks, boss. You're all right. How's biz wit' yer?"

"Good."

"How far West are yer goin'?"

"I'm going as far as Council Bluffs, unless I get orders to the contrary."

"Where yer stoppin'?"

"At the Hotel Cadeau."

"Be good to yerself. I'm goin' up dis way," and Jimmy was off.

"Dat ees one fonee garcon. Where you got acquainted with heem?" asked Larue, as they went on.

Joe told the Frenchman about his abduction in Cadiz, and his experience in the freight car.

"You put ze police on ze rascals and dey did not catch dem, non?"

"The detective expected to get one of them, the sport, right away, but I heard no more about it."

As Joe told him the men did not take any of his valuables, the Frenchman could not understand what their object was. The boy salesman might have thrown some light on the subject, but he did not care to say what was in his thoughts. He saw Marsh and Avery around the hotel for the next two days. He wondered why the latter did not get on ahead again. As far as Joe could learn he did not seem to be doing any great amount of business in the town. In point of fact, Avery spent a good part of his time playing pool with Marsh instead of trying to do business. Joe practically had the field to himself and made the most of it. On the third day of his stay he got out on his side line and sold and delivered about 30,000 picture postals. That reduced his stock so that he had to send for a fresh supply to be sent to his next stopping place.

The next day was Sunday, and Joe intended to remain in Easton till evening and take the local for Darien. He had his baggage taken to the station in the morning and put in the baggage room where it would remain till he checked it. After dinner Joe was sitting on the piazza when a red-bearded man came along and sat down beside him. The stranger said he was a life insurance agent, traveling for his company. He was an interesting talker and his stories greatly amused Joe. Finally he asked the boy if he would like to take a ride.

"I've got to visit a policyholder out in the suburbs. The man wants to cancel his present policy and take out one of our new-style policies. We'll go in an auto which we'll take at the garage around the corner. If you don't care for the trip I'll have to go alone," said the man with the red beard.

An auto ride rather appealed to Joe, so he accepted the invitation. They walked around to the garage where the stranger hired the machine, representing himself as the traveling representative of the Keystone Insurance Company. In a few minutes they were off, and before long had reached the outskirts of the town.

"How long have you been in Easton?" asked the man.

"Three days," said Joe.

"Been too busy to see any of the sights, I suppose?"

"What sights are there to see?"

"There's the old mill down the road here that is worth looking at."

"What is there specially interesting about it?"

"It's one of the oldest buildings in the State. I'll run up the lane, which was the original country road, and give you a look at it. It won't take us but a quarter of an hour to go over the place. Hasn't anybody called your attention to the mill?"

"No."

"When I came to Easton last year nearly every second person I called on spoke to me about the mill. That excited my curiosity and I went to see it. When the mill was built there were Indians all around this region, and it is said the miller and his family were besieged for a week in the place by the savages who were finally driven off by a party of hunters who happened to come this way. There's the mill now on top of that knoll."

The red-bearded man turned up the lane and brought the auto to a stop before the door of the ancient structure. They entered the bare main room on the ground floor.

"That door leads to the stairs which will take us to the floor above," said the man with the red beard. "You can get a fine view of the country from the windows."

As Joe passed through the door into the dark passageway he received a blow on the head which stretched him out senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

When Joe came to his senses he found himself bound to an old worm-eaten post in what he judged was the cellar of the mill as well as he could make out in the deep gloom which surrounded him. He remembered the blow which had knocked him out, and it didn't take him long to figure out that he had once more become the victim of his enemies, Marsh and Avery, and he kicked himself for falling so easily into this second trap.

"That red-bearded man was an accomplice of theirs, just as the sport was at Cadiz. He fooled me into believing he was a life insurance agent. He was the most interesting talker I've ever met, and he appeared to have the insurance business down fine. Probably he has followed it at some time or another. I wonder what game those rascals are going to work on me this time? They have tied me hand and foot this time to make sure that I don't get away as I did from the

freight car. They don't know that I had help in that instance. If it hadn't been for the presence of Jimmy I would have gone as far as the car went. This time I can expect no help from the outside and I suppose I'll have to take my medicine."

Joe had been unconscious some time, and it was now close to five. He was wondering how he would ever be able to get back at Marsh and Avery for their rascality, when he heard a rush of light steps above. They sounded all over the floor, and then he heard the voices of boys in the passage where the stairs were.

"Come on, fellers, let's go down and see wot's in de cellar," said a voice that sounded very much like Jimmy's.

A bunch of three youths came scampering down the cellar stairs.

"Hully gee! It's dark down here. Who's got a match?"

None of them had such a useful article.

"Den we can't see not'in. Oh, gosh! I've broke me toe on somet'in'."

"Jimmy Miles, is that you?" cried out Joe.

"Hully smoke! Who's dat? Somebody called me by name."

His two companions rushed back upstairs in a hurry. Jimmy was about to follow them when Joe called out again:

"Jimmy, come over here! I'm Joe Thompson!"

Jimmy recognized his voice and was staggered.

"Is dat really you, boss?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes, Jimmy."

"I'm a prisoner again—tied to a post here, hand and foot."

"Yer don't mean it! Who tied yer?"

"The same rascals who put me in the freight car."

"Gosh! So dey got yer ag'in? It's a good t'ing for yer dat me and a couple of fellers came here to look into the place. I'll have yer free in no time if yer've got dat knife in yer pocket."

"I've got it. Feel in my vest pocket, and you'll find a match safe. Strike a light and then you'll be able to see what you're doing."

Jimmy had reached him by that time. He got out the match box and struck a light.

"Gee! Dey fixed yer for keeps dis time, but dey didn't count on me. Dis is where dey get fooled again."

In a minute or two Joe was free and he and Jimmy left the cellar and found the other boys on the floor above.

"Dere comes an auter wit' two chaps inter it. Are dem de roosters dat fixed yer?"

Joe looked and saw Marsh and Avery in the same machine in which he had come to the mill with the counterfeit insurance man.

"Those are the chaps," said Joe. "They're coming to finish their program, I guess."

"Den we ought to finish dem," said Jimmy.

"I'd like to capture them and tie them up in the cellar to see how they'd like a dose of their own medicine."

"We'll hide in de cellar, and when dey come down dere we'll jump on dem and put 'em to sleep."

Joe and his three allies retreated to the cellar. Joe struck a match and got the rope with which

he had been bound. The floor was littered with pieces of wood. Each secured a suitable piece and then all hid under the stairs and waited. They did not have long to wait, for steps presently sounded above and down the stairs came the pair of rascally salesmen.

"I wonder if he's come to his senses yet," said Marsh.

"Suppose he won't agree to our terms?" said Avery.

"Then we'll keep him here till he does. Wait till I strike a light."

Biff! biff! biff! biff! Marsh and Avery fell to the ground, dazed by the shower of blows. Joe jumped on them, pulled them together and tied them back to back, before they knew exactly what had happened.

"Shove them under the stairs," he said.

There they left the discomfited and helpless rascals. Leaving the boys on guard at the mill, Joe drove the auto to the station house, told his story, and brought a policeman back with him. Marsh and Avery were handcuffed together, taken to town and locked up. Next morning Joe appeared against them, with Jimmy as a witness to help him out. The man with the red beard was caught later.

He made a confession and incriminated Marsh

and Avery. They were held in prison a couple of months before their trial. By that time Joe was on his way back over a new route. He returned to Easton to secure their conviction and both were sent to the State prison. Joe made a flying visit to Berwick to see Nellie Farren, to whom he had sent a postal card from each town he visited, and then kept on back to Chicago. His trip on the road was a successful one from all points of view. The proprietors of the Chicago Book Company were not only well pleased with his efforts, and gave him a raise of salary in consequence, but he made more than \$1,000 out of his side line of postal cards and illustrated booklets.

If we had the space we could tell how Joe gradually rose to become one of the best salesmen on the road, and how he gradually accumulated a fortune as the result of his smartness. All we can say is that Joe ultimately went into the picture postal and booklet business himself and made a pile of money out of the business, the foundation of which he laid during his first trip when out on the road to success.

Next week's issue will contain "A YOUNG MONEY BROKER; or, STRIKING LUCK IN WALL STREET."

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CURRENT NEWS

1823 COIN IN A CATFISH.

A silver coin minted by the United States in 1823 was found in the stomach of a large catfish which was caught by L. E. Bogart in Sandusky Bay. The fisherman is displaying the coin with pride, but the age of the fish has not been determined by scientists.

CANADIAN SQUIRRELS HOARD LOST GOLF BALLS.

Golf enthusiasts on the local links, Carleton Place, Ont., who had observed that squirrels resident on the course were eyeing them in a peculiar manner learned the reason why.

Leslie Raynolds announced he had stalked one of the squirrels to a hollow tree and found a cache of forty-one golf balls. Search of similar hiding places on the course revealed fifty more lost balls, he said.

THE WORLD'S MOST INACCESSIBLE OIL WELL.

An oil well that can be reached only by swinging in a rope sling operated from a stiff-leg derrick at the top of a 107-foot cliff was recently completed at Point Firmin, Cal. The well is located on a narrow ledge of tide land and at the bottom of the cliff. The ledge is so narrow that at high tide the water rises to within a foot of the rig. Despite the fact that all material and workmen had to be lowered and hoisted from above by means of the derrick and sling, the well was completed without a mishap. This remains still the only way to reach the well.

BULL A DRINKER.

A bull's overindulgence in the contents of a mash barrel, according to stories of orchardists of the Underwood (Wash.) district, led to the discovery of officers of two stills near Stevenson.

The bull, attracting attention by his drunken staggers and bellowing maunderings, evidently was pleased with the effects of the moonshine making.

Officers followed him as he pursued an erratic course through the underbrush. The goal of the bovine toper was a barrel half full of mash. In a hidden cabin, about 100 yards away, was discovered a still.

NATION SPENDS LESS FOR SWEET TOOTH.

It cost the nation \$54,000,000 less to fill its sweet tooth during the last fiscal year than in the previous year, according to preliminary annual statistics of the Internal Revenue Bureau, \$408,729,560 being spent for candy in the country as compared with \$462,840,660 in 1920.

It cost more, however, to keep the country's jaws in motion, the chewing gum bill for 1921 amounting to \$44,405,900 as against \$37,498,100 in the previous year. Facial decoration was less

costly during the past year, the amount spent on paints, cosmetics and perfumes amounting to \$145,019,100 as compared with \$160,693,025 during 1920.

The country's spending also fell off considerably in other lines.

DOG SAVES SICK CHILD.

A mother's instinct and a barking dog saved Herbert, seven-year-old son of John R. Kissinger, Milton, Pa., from death in the Suquehanna, to which the boy was running, delirious from mumps, after he had slipped out of the house in his night shirt.

About 3 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Kissinger awoke with a start, feeling that something was wrong, went to the boy's room, which she had left only a half hour before, and found him missing. She awoke her husband, and a quick search was started. Outside they saw the little white form heading for the river.

When near the water John Trate's dog jumped out and barked at the boy. The lad turned back, then started in another direction for the river, but the dog again barked and turned him. By this time the father reached the child and seized him.

SOAP IN SOVIET GEORGIA 40,000 RUBLES A CAKE.

The high price of soap is proving disastrous to the fastidious ladies of the Near East. In Soviet Georgia, the home of the most beautiful women in the world, according to a Near East Relief worker writing from there, a Government official's salary for the month is less than the price of a bar of soap. He gets the princely wage of 30,000 paper rubles, and a piece of soap, ordinary garden variety, costs 40,000 of these same rubles.

When the American cargoes of food and clothes supplies arrive at the Near East Relief stations in Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, there is an instant run on the soap. All classes, particularly the more affluent, or rather those who were once affluent—none are now—besiege the distribution centers begging for the precious article.

All the vegetable and animal fats from which the people were accustomed to make their soap are now non-existent. What few cattle there are left from the devastation of the war are so lean they yield practically no fat, while the manufacture of cottonseed and linseed oil has been impossible since 1915. Even wood ashes, which often furnish a substitute for soap, cannot be used as the fuel is so scarce that wood is being sold at \$70 for half a cord.

For a time oil was used—a crude kerosene from the oil fields of Baku—but it was ruinous to the clothes, and as the people had all too few clothes to ruin this was abandoned. At last resort they dipped their garments in the muddy river and beat them out with heavy sticks. Most of them went unwashed!

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XXII.

How Lew Rand Made Use of the Open Trapdoor —A Clever Bit of Work.

By this time Lew had reached the place where the faint gleam of light came up through the flooring, and found that he could look down into the room below through a crevice about half an inch wide.

By the light of two lanterns he saw four men below him and recognized two of them as persons he had encountered within the past few days. They were all gathered around a certain spot in the floor, and one of the number was trying to pry up a section of the boards with a crowbar.

Even as Lew looked down upon them there came a reluctant scraping noise, and the trapdoor in the floor began to yield to the leverage of the crowbar that one of the men was using.

"There she comes."

And with a final reluctant scrape the trapdoor came up under the force of the prying crowbar.

The men crowded around the big, square space in the floor.

"I can't see the river, but I can hear it rushing past down below there, and it must be a pretty good drop by the sound of it," said one.

"How far down is it to the water?"

"Well, by the sound I should say that it was not less than ten feet."

Now, while this conversation had been going on between the four men, Lew had felt around in the dark for a sliding board that he had heard the men speak of as the only means of communication with the room below, and in a minute had ascertained that it was part of the board that he was looking through, an imperfectly fitting portion permitting the light from the lamps in the room below to send up a few faint rays.

Slowly and carefully the young lawyer slid back the board until there was a clear opening in the floor about five feet long and two feet wide.

Lew Rand bent down, grasped the edges of the opening with his hands, let his body drop down through it, and then let go.

He had aimed to pass fairly through the square formed by the four men as they stood about the open trap, and had they stood still he would have carried out his intention.

One of them, however, was possessed of better hearing than the others, and above the roaring waters far down below he must have heard the noise made by Lew's body as he shot down from the ceiling, which was fully twelve feet above, and he turned around to see what it was.

He yelled with astonishment when he saw what was coming down and tried to get out of the way, and his movement resulted in putting him directly in the way, with the result that Lew's shoes, held close together for the passage through the open trap, both struck him, one on the head and the other on the shoulder, with the result that he was knocked from his feet and into the opening in advance of the young lawyer.

Down he went, yelling to his pals to stop him, and after him went Lew, with the result that the man went into the water and under it first, and Lew went in on top of him.

Lew felt the man under his feet as he struck after his long jump, and when he felt one of his legs grasped with a strong clutch he knew from whence it came, and did not hesitate to kick down with his free foot again and again until the hold was relaxed and he was free.

His one idea now was to get away as far as possible, and by the light of the stars he swam out into the river, desiring to take his bearings and make for the shore. He had not gone twenty feet before bull's-eyes were flashed from the veranda of the old hotel, and the rays showed him plainly to those who held the lanterns.

Then Lew heard the sound of hurry and bustle, and knew that they would pursue him in a boat, and as he was revealed by the light of the lantern he knew that he was in danger of being retaken. He thought the matter over quickly and made up his mind what to do. Swimming with a leisurely stroke, he started for the shore on the far side of the river.

He swam diagonally, so as to assure himself that the light from the bull's-eyes was kept on him by the man on the veranda. He was also listening intently, and soon he heard the sound made by two pairs of oars.

"Do you see him, Bill?"

"Yes, he's straight ahead."

The conversation was plainly heard by Lew, and deciding that he had allowed the boat to come near enough he turned around in the water and took a good look at it, so as to impress on his mind the speed it was making and where it would be a minute later when he disappeared and the men stopped rowing. His judgment was formed, and he immediately let himself sink into the water.

Just as he thought the men stopped rowing when Lew sank out of sight.

"Say, Bill, did you see how he went down?"

"No, I was rowing and you were looking."

"Well, he went under just as they do when they are seized with cramp, and I very much doubt that we'll ever see him alive again. You know, he was fuddled with the chloroform and not in the best of trim from being tied up, and I guess his muscles got kinks in them, and when——"

But the speaker's learned discussion on the cause of cramps was suddenly cut short by Lew, who had judged the distance so nicely before going down under the water that he came up fairly under the overhanging stern of the boat, and grasping it with his two hands, spread as far apart as possible, he trod water for an instant and then gave the craft a violent twist.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

WORMS AVOID ELECTRICITY

Applying his inventive mind to the problem of digging angle worms, Joe Siegfried, ten years of age, son of J. H. Siegfried, electrical expert for the Pacific Power and Light Company, Yakima, Wash., has devised a better way. He inserts two electrical terminals in the ground some distance apart, connects them up and presses the button. All the worms between the terminals promptly climb to the surface to escape the current. The same method is used to feed the Siegfried chickens.

TREED BY HOGS.

A farmer named Jarman, near Wilmington, Del., has a large herd of hogs which he allows to run wild in a wood on his farm, feeding on acorns and grass. Every year he shoots two or three for his winter meat and lets the remainder run. He went out the other day and after killing three, started to drag them home, when the herd attacked him. Jarman had to climb a tree to escape them, and, sitting in the crotch, shot two more, but was unable to drive them away. The hogs started to chew the bottom of the tree and for several hours kept Jarman treed and afraid to move. Friends who knew he had gone for hogs arrived later and with dogs finally drove off the hogs, killing two more, one of the dogs being also killed.

ACCURATE TIME.

A ship's chronometer is the most wonderful and accurate timekeeper made. So accurate, indeed, is a ship's chronometer that it does not vary a second a day. An error of only a few seconds may put a captain of a vessel miles out of his reckoning at sea. For that reason every ship's timepiece goes through the most thorough tests before it is pronounced perfect. It is set going in a very hot room and then transferred to a cold one, for it may be used in any part of the world, from the polar regions to the tropics, and it must always keep good time. Many large vessels have three chronometers on board, and whenever a vessel goes into port they are sent ashore and tested to see if they are still accurate. On board ship the chronometer is kept amidships because there is the least motion and the smallest variation of temperature.

WHEN A "FELLER" NEEDS A FRIEND.

The youngsters have a kick coming on the ten per cent. tax levied on athletic goods. Of course the members of congress forgot about the time when they were kids and saved up their pennies for a ball, bat and glove. They forgot the thrill of the first uniform when the "West Square nine" or the "River Reds" blossomed out in the early summer. They didn't intend to hit the youngsters such a whack, but they surely did it. They meant to assess the "higher-ups;" they meant to reap a revenue from tarpon lines, damascene shotguns, league balls, etc., but the truth of the matter is that the bulk of the tax burden fell on "Buck" and "Bill" and "Fatty."

Statistics show that seventy per cent. of the sporting goods bought in the United States are purchased by boys less than eighteen years old, high school boys and downwards. About half of one per cent. goes to professional baseball teams and a big quantity of the rest to chronically hard-up college and sand-lot teams. The wealthy, though individual purchases are large, but next to nothing.

"Taxation without representation" is the way it strikes the youngsters. It is a queer tax, and about the first tax on children ever levied in this country.

Athletics, outdoor sports of every kind are the salvation of the youth of our land. This country should make it a point to encourage sports in every form. The younger generation should have a chance to play, for the players of to-day will be the leaders of to-morrow.

Some of the athletic goods purchased by the wealthy classes may be subject to taxation. But a ten per cent. tax on "athletic goods" without going into detail is unjust, and should be repealed to give the young people the necessary physical recreation to keep them strong and well.

—Editorial from the Des Moines Capitol.

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Captured At Last.

By KIT CLYDE.

We New York detectives—it must be getting on for a dozen years ago now—were completely at fault as to effecting the arrest of the head of a notorious gang of swindlers, “mashers” and forgers. The gang in question had been combining coining, the manufacture and passing of spurious banknotes, obtaining money on forged checks, and burglary on a grand scale, the last named offense being invariably carried out at the mansions of the gentry during the time that the family were at dinner, when a good haul of jewelry could be made from the unoccupied bedrooms.

The members of this criminal organization were of the class generally known as swell mobsmen, and seven of them had been captured, convicted, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. This had been brought about mainly through the instrumentality of a young man who had been given into custody by a publican for attempting to obtain change for one of the spurious banknotes.

However, the charge was not pressed against him, as it was discovered that he was a dupe and a tool of the gang, and it was from the information which he gave that the real criminals were brought to justice.

But the chief, the worst of the lot, was still at large and defying all attempts to get hold of him. That he had not left the country was certain, as from time to time spurious notes were passed, or money obtained from various people by cleverly executed forged checks.

These operations were not confined to New York. His disguises, too, must have been wonderful in their way, for the descriptions given by those who had been cheated varied with each one.

This was the condition of affairs when I was ordered to take up the case. I had the reputation of having done some sharp work in my time, and had risen to be a sergeant on the force. My experience, moreover, was not confined to New York, as previous to joining the metropolitan police I had been in a similar position in one of the largest towns in Pennsylvania. I was on my mettle, for I was about to attempt single-handed that at which the rest of our men had failed, and what clues I had to work on were meager in the extreme.

On questioning the young man who had the means of bringing about the capture of the others, I ascertained he had only seen the leader of the gang on one occasion. His description went no further than that he was a gentlemanly-looking man of forty or so, with a slightly Jewish cast of countenance, tall, active, and powerfully built. Of one thing, however, he was certain, and that was, he should know him again wherever he should see him.

Nearly a month had gone by, and I was no further advanced than when I undertook the case. In truth, I might consider myself at sea, as the others had been, and, moreover, with the un-

pleasant fact staring me in the face that the accomplished swindler for whom I was searching still continued his nefarious operations.

But one day I became greatly elated by the appearance of the young fellow to whom I have before alluded, who came to tell me he had seen the leader of the gang enter a certain swell hotel, and although he waited more than an hour, the man wanted had not come out again. This was enough for me. No time was to be lost; but knowing how wary was the individual with whom I had to deal, before leaving my room I deemed it wise to change my appearance, donning a costume and makingup for what would very well have passed for a north country squire or a rich Boston manufacturer of the old school. I wore spectacles, too, to further carry out my disguise.

It was dark when I reached the hotel, and startled the manager not a little when I stated my business. The description I gave tallied exactly with the appearance of a gentleman who had been staying in the house for two or three days, who had given the name of Montagu, and was leaving that night, having already paid his bill and gone up to his room to make ready for departure.

“How did he settle with you?” I queried.

“He paid with a hundred dollar bill,” was the reply, “receiving the change.”

“Just let me see that bill, please.”

“Certainly,” said the manager, a slight anxiety apparent in his manner. “I remember that he wrote his name at the back.”

“As I expected,” I said, when what purported to be a Brooklyn Bank note was produced. “Forged, but very cleverly executed.”

“Forged!” exclaimed the manager, with a blank look.

“Undoubtedly,” was my answer. “Now let me be shown to this Mr. Montagu’s room.”

The hotel manager called one of the waiters to show me the apartment in question.

“It’s on the second floor, sir,” said this man, as we were ascending the first flight of stairs.

“All right,” I replied, in my character of a north country potentate. “Mr. Montagu is my nephew, and I want to take him by surprise.”

As we passed along the corridor on the first floor, I presently became aware that instead of having one waiter in attendance I had got three following me, who, to judge by their faces, were not a little amused. I suppose my quaint appearance had excited their curiosity, and they were inclined to have a laugh at the old fellow from the country. As I noticed this I dismissed two of the fellows with a sharpness which somewhat astonished them.

On arriving at the room I turned the handle of the door—I have thought since it would have been wiser if I had allowed the waiter to knock—and found that it was locked. I gave it a twist to be sure, and then a voice from within demanded sharply:

“Now, then, what the deuce do you want?”

“A gentleman to see you, sir, please,” replied the waiter.

The answer was a short, defiant laugh, and then all was still. I waited a moment or two, and then put my shoulder to the door with all my strength, but it did not yield.

"Give me a hand," I said to the waiter. A startled look came into his face, but he readily gave me his assistance, and under our united efforts the door gave way with a crash.

I was ready for a struggle, but found the room in darkness. Then I felt a rush of cold night air in my face, and I noticed that the window was raised, and that it opened upon an iron balcony.

The waiter lighted the gas, and it did not take me long to discover that the bird had flown.

An open valise, half packed, was on the floor, with other traveling adjuncts.

Going to the window, I saw that the iron balcony traversed the whole front of the house. Stepping out, I ran along this from end to end, passing on the way a dozen windows at least.

Making my way back to the room I had just left, and rushing downstairs like mad, the first person I encountered was the hall porter. To my inquiries if any person had recently come downstairs and gone out he replied:

"Yes, a gentleman who is staying in the house. I don't know his name."

"And he has left the hotel?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, not more than a minute or two ago."

Out into the street I dashed, but saw nothing of the man I was after. On my return to the hotel I learned from the manager that the doors of one-half of the rooms facing on to the balcony opened on to a separate corridor, and I had no doubt that my would-be prisoner had traversed the balcony, passed through one of these apartments, and walked quietly downstairs and out of the house.

Returning to the room which he had recently occupied, I found that he had left behind him a small but expensive outfit. An important discovery that I made was a couple of photographs that were lying at the bottom of the valise. These were portraits of the man I had hoped to capture, and were, as I was told by the hotel manager, an excellent likeness of him.

The next morning startling news reached me. I learned that a lady staying at the hotel where I had been so cleverly outwitted had lost the greater part of her valuable jewelry, which, without doubt, had been stolen by the man who had escaped me.

One afternoon as I was passing the shop where the young man who had given me my information worked, he came running out.

"I've seen him! I've seen him again, sir!" he cried.

"When and where?"

"This morning, in Fulton street," he replied. "I had been sent on an errand, and as I was going along Fulton street I saw him. But I think he must have known me, too, for he jumped into a cab and drove off."

Between six and seven o'clock on the following night I was passing along a street when a four-wheeler cab drew up about twenty yards in advance of me.

From the vehicle a gentleman in evening dress alighted, handed the driver his fare, and going up the steps of the house, rang the bell. Just as I got opposite to the man the door opened, and without ceremony he entered. But at that moment, perhaps to see if the cab had driven away, he turned his head, and as the light from the

street lamp shone full on his face, I instantly recognized him as the original of the photographs which I had so frequently studied. Then the door closed behind him.

Passing over to the opposite side of the street, I looked across at the house which he had just entered, and noticed that the drawing-room was lighted up brilliantly.

I did not seek to enter the house just then, but waited until the constable on the beat came around. Half an hour must have elapsed before the officer made his appearance. Then there was another delay, as I had to send him in search of a second officer. When the two arrived I bade them keep a sharp lookout and to come to my assistance if they heard my whistle. Then I crossed the street and boldly rang the bell.

A servant girl opened the door, and without making any remark, I entered. Leaving her to suppose I was an expected visitor, I placed my hat on the stand and walked quietly upstairs. The drawing-room door was partly open, a page-boy having just taken something into the apartment. At a table, at dinner, were seated four people, a lady and three gentlemen, and one of them just then raised a glass of champagne and said:

"To our hostess, who so kindly entertains us."

Seated nearest to the door was the accomplished rascal for whom I had so long searched, and his back was partly turned toward me. All that I have described I had taken in without detection, as I stood just without the half-opened door. But the next moment, as I made a step forward, the lady saw me, and uttered an exclamation.

Quick as thought my man sprang to his feet, evidently recognizing me as a detective, and before I could reach him, the page being in the way, had drawn a small revolver and fired point blank at me.

The bullet whistled harmlessly past my head, and the next instant I had closed with him, striking the pistol from his grasp by a violent blow on the wrist. I got a very strong grip on him, and before he scarcely knew where he was, I had thrown him heavily to the floor and had the handcuffs on him.

Now there was the sound of heavy feet on the stairs, and the two constables, who had heard the pistol shot, came rushing into the room. I turned my prisoner over to them.

After I had made a few inquiries of the people whose little dinner party I had so unceremoniously interrupted, I was not at all surprised then, and subsequently, to learn that they were respectable middle-class individuals, and that the host and hostess had little idea of the character of their guest.

The husband had met the notorious swindler at a club, and having taken a liking to him, had invited him to his home.

In the end, when this leader of the desperate gang which we had succeeded in uprooting was brought to trial and convicted, it was announced that two other convictions were recorded against him, and, as a consequence, the sentence passed upon him was such a severe one that in all human probability he was not likely to ever again be at large.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

VOICE HAS MILE RANGE.

Claiming that he can still make his voice heard nearly a mile away George Sawyers, head porter on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, is retiring after fifty-one years' service.

REVENGE AFTER MANY YEARS.

Mrs. Mary Speiss waited thirty-eight years for a squaring of accounts with George Speiss, her husband, and she got it recently. Speiss deserted her after a short married life when she was fifteen years old. The Supreme Court of Minnesota held that she was entitled to the entire \$75,000 estate Speiss left at his death and that the other woman, whom the married after he deserted her, was not entitled to a cent.

GRUESOME FINDS IN SEINE.

Last week three fishermen on the Seine found two human arms, which doctors said were those of a young woman. They had been cut from the body with scientific skill.

The other morning a young man working beside the river at Neuilly, many miles below the spot where the arms had been found, drew a sack from the water. Inside was the body of a woman, without arms, legs or head. When the body was taken to the police station and examined by the doctors, they gave it as their opinion that it was the one from which the arms had been amputated.

Just as they had finished their examination another sack was brought to them, in which a riverside gardener had found the two legs. Only the head of the unfortunate woman remains now to be found. Till that is done identification is impossible, and the only description the police can give is that the body seems to be that of a girl about 20 years old, whose hands indicate that she was unused to labor.

BOAT-TRAIN RUNS ON LAND OR WATER.

Experiments with a new system of waterway transport, described alternatively as the "amphibious boat" or the "amphibious train," have been successfully carried out on the Willebroeck Canal in Belgium and are described by the Economic Review (London). The object of the sys-

tem is to overcome transport difficulties on un-navigable portions of rivers, such as rapids, by rendering craft easily transferable to land while loaded and conveying them by rail until their further transport by water again becomes possible. It also contemplates the conveyance of the craft overland from one river or waterway to another.

The inventor is a Belgian, Robert B. Goldschmidt, and it is hoped to make use of the system mainly in the Belgian Congo. The amphibious "boat-train" is described as a series of twin boats or barges, the first of which is the tug, which can be driven by petroleum or palm oil. Each pair of boats is bound together laterally by a double yoke of steel, bearing a hanging device which runs on a mono-rail. The mono-rail is laid on a raised masonry or timber structure raised so as to clear the hulls of the boats on either side. It is hoped that the boat-train will enable the great river system of the Congo hitherto neglected, to be used regularly for transport, notwithstanding its frequent interruption by rapids

LAUGHS

Mrs. Neat—Why, Belinda, the piano has six weeks' dust on it! Blinda—Well, mum, I ain't to blame. I've been here only three weeks.

"My son, remember this: Marrying on a salary has been the salvation of many a young man." "I know, dad. But suppose my wife should lose her salary?"

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Willie, why don't you try to conquer yourself? Willie—Ain't no glory in conquerin' a feller what's been licked by every kid in town, is there?

Bacon—Somebody said there was something stunning about your wife's new dress. I didn't see it. Egbert—Of course you didn't. You don't suppose she'd leave the price mark on it, do you?

"You know people are criticizing your parsimony," said a candid friend. "Never mind," was the answer; "wait till I get as rich as some of these railway magnates; then the magazine writers will compliment me on my heroic frugality."

"How," she murmured in passionate tones, leaning toward him across the table, "how can you treat me so?" A shadow crossed his brow. Then he said, frankly: "Well, I got \$25 on my watch to-day." Her face was wreathed in dimples. "Let's have some more lobster," she said.

"But, Gladys, we should not let your mother's prejudice stand in the way of our marriage. What is money to true love?" "I know, Alfred, that money is not all, but hunger is something. Last night you walked past three restaurants on the way from the theater, and never said supper once. But mother had something for me to eat when I got home."

ITEMS OF INTEREST

A CAMEL'S STOMACH.

The stomach of a camel is divided into four compartments, and the walls of these are lined with large cells, every one of which can be opened and closed at will by the means of powerful muscles. When a camel drinks, it drinks a great deal. Indeed, it drinks for such a long time that you really would think it never meant to leave off. The fact is that it is not satisfying its thirst, but is filling up its cistern as well. One after another the cells in its stomach are filled with the water, and as soon as each is quite full, it is tightly closed. Then when a few hours later the animal becomes thirsty, all that it has to do is to open one of the cells and allow the water to flow out. Next day it opens one or two more cells, and so it goes on day after day until the whole supply is exhausted. In this curious way a camel can live five or even six days without drinking at all, and so is able to travel quite easily through the desert, where the wells are often hundreds of miles apart.

HORSES SLEEP STANDING UP.

Horses seldom lie down to sleep. Throughout their entire lives most of them sleep while standing on their feet. The reason for this is believed to be that the horses are afraid that an insect might crawl into their nostrils. This is a very likely explanation, when we consider that a horse's nostrils are the most sensitive part of its body, says *Popular Science Monthly*. If the insect could not be removed it could easily irritate the horse to death. Many horses will not lie down because they have once been "foundered," that is, unable to get up unassisted.

Another curious fact about a sleeping horse is that it seems always to keep its faculties working. Its ears, for instance, keep constantly twitching and the animal seems to hear the slightest noise. Because of this it would probably be impossible for a man to enter a stable quietly enough to prevent his waking up every horse in it. Horses act peculiarly also in time of fire. They will burn to death rather than rush out from the stalls.

EMERALD MINING IN COLUMBIA.

The emerald mining industry dates back to long before the Conquistadores of Spain turned their attention to the New World. When Bogota was first settled in 1534 the Spaniards made every effort to discover the location of the emerald deposits which were known to exist not many miles from the settlement. Their endeavors were long frustrated by the opposition of powerful tribes of the district. Finally, however, in 1594, mining operations were begun, the work being carried on wholly by Indian slaves. Great treasures were taken from the district during the Colonial period, a very large portion of the revenue going to the Spanish Crown. Colombia is the chief emerald producing country, the output in a normal year amounting to about 800,000 carats. That the industry is likely to long con-

tinue as a source of wealth to the republic is indicated by the fact that, in addition to the already developed field, two new deposits have been located. However, those deposits (at Cosquez and Somondoc) are at present inaccessible owing to transportation difficulties. At least one of the newly discovered fields is as rich as the Muzo deposits now being worked.

AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT HIGHWAY BUILT IN 1711.

Something more than two hundred years ago there was built the first great American highway, "the old York road," between New York and Philadelphia. The construction of this famous road in 1711 was an example that led the energetic colonists at other points along the Atlantic seaboard to make similar roads where there were no water routes. For the most part these roads were built by chartered companies, and were called turnpike or toll roads. Pennsylvania, Connecticut and New Jersey had many roads of this kind.

The first macadamized road in this country was constructed in 1792 between Philadelphia and Lancaster. In 1811 there were said to be 4,500 miles of chartered turnpikes in New England and New York. During the next twenty years the Government expended many millions of dollars in constructing great highways, but to that branch of the Government the panic of 1837 and the building of railways and canals put an end to the work.

TO-DAY'S MEN OF WEALTH WERE YESTERDAY'S SAVERS.

Commenting on the value of starting saving habits early in life, the *St. Joseph (Oreg.) Herald* brings out the fact that the men who have got ahead in the world are those who started to save when young.

"Can you recall the little incidents of your young days?" asks the *Herald*. "Perhaps you remember some child who was close with his pennies—who put them in his bank and kept them there. That child, even in its tender years, was imbued with the habit of saving and was cultivating the budding idea of thrift. If you can locate that child to-day you will probably find a man who has made a commercial success of life and who is financially at ease even if not wealthy.

"The child who saves his pennies in time becomes the man who accumulates dollars. But the one who spends his pennies as fast as he gets them, generally finds that in after years the habit has fastened itself upon him to such an extent that his life becomes one of endless spending—always earning money but never having a surplus dollar. The gravest financial injury you can do your child is to encourage it to go out and spend its pennies as fast as he gets them. It marks the beginning of a bad ending. It is easier for the leopard to change its spots than for the spender to be anything but what he is."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

TOURING WORLD IN BARE FEET.

Barefooted and accompanied by a dog, an American named Hippolyte Martinet passed through Territet, Switzerland, September 3, on a walking tour around the world. He carried his entire belongings on his shoulders. He said he had started from Seattle, Wash., and had crossed the Rockies to the Atlantic.

His subsequent route was by way of Antwerp, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Nice and Geneva.

PREACHER BITTEN BY SNAKE.

William Edmond, Nauvoo, Ala., is in a critical condition and his brother, the Rev. Albert Edmonds, was severely bitten by a snake, said to have been used at a revival meeting.

The minister is said to have told his congregation that the "true believer" was immune to the bite of reptiles, and invited non-believers to bring poisonous snakes to the service. A copperhead was captured and taken to the meeting. William Edmonds and the minister were bitten and immediately became ill. William Edmonds, doctors said, will die.

MINT COINS 280,000 SILVER DOLLARS DAILY.

During the month of August coinage at the Philadelphia mint was restricted to silver dollars, which totalled 6,000,000 pieces. This is 1,710,000 more than were coined in any preceding month this year.

The Philadelphia mint still is running exclusively on silver dollars to replace the pieces which were melted under the Pittman act, and to date has coined in excess of 20,000,000. The present rate is from 265,000 to 280,000 a day, and in view of the weight of the dollar a heavy tonnage is involved.

There is no demand for the subsidiary coins at the present time. In fact, there is a steady flow of silver back to the mint from Federal Reserve banks.

LACE GROWS ON TREES.

Lace grows on trees on the Isthmus of Panama, and the trees grow wild in the swamps. Captain L. W. Richards of the steamship Norwalk brought a fine sample, not merely as a curiosity, but to induce tests as to the probable utility of the plant or tree in this section.

When the bark of the limbs is stripped there are rolls of a flimsy substance, of a texture very much like mosquito netting. The size of these layers increases with the size of the tree, the largest being about a foot in diameter. This fabric is strong and can be sewn without tearing. The natives use the stuff in making garments.

Captain Richards believes that by cultivation the tree may become very valuable, and if the lace layers cannot be enlarged some process may be perfected by which they can be joined into a fabric which will make the finest mosquito bar and may even serve for summer raiment.

WHITE ISLAND.

An island about thirty miles northeast of New Zealand is, perhaps, the most extraordinary island in the world. It is an enormous mass of rocks nearly three miles in girth rising to a height of 900 feet above the sea, in the Bay of Plenty, and is perpetually enveloped in a dark cloud which is visible for nearly 100 miles. In fact, White Island, which is shaped somewhat like a hollow tooth, is the crater of a volcano, and it is the beginning of what is called the Taupo Zone, some of the volcanoes of this zone being under water. The clouds which envelop the island are caused by the steam from the hot springs which boil around the edge of the lake in the center of the island. The whole island is perpetually making and depositing sulphur, and its already limitless deposit of high-grade sulphur, which has accumulated through the ages, is destined to make the island famous from a commercial point of view, though for many years it has been classed as merely one of New Zealand's scenic wonders. The lake in the center of the island is fringed with bright yellow deposits, for hot springs forever bubble on the water's surface. Around the lake's brim are steam jets continually spouting sulphur, and one vent has been known to furnish four tons an hour. Some of the springs of the island contain over 90 per cent. of pure sulphur.

WHY THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER RUNS UP HILL.

Not all of our readers realize what a penchant water has for going up hill. All the stems and tree trunks of the vegetable kingdom draw water up from the earth to the extremities of their branches and leaves where it evaporates into the air. The forest or the field of grain represents great quantities of water flowing vertically upward. It is safe to say that any river flowing toward the equator flows up hill, because its mouth will be more distant from the center of the earth than is its source. If this does not hold, then the river is practically a cataract, so great must be the rate of descent of its water.

The Mississippi, counting its course from Lake Itasca in Minnesota, flows to the south through about 15 degrees of latitude, which is about one-fourth of the distance from the pole to the equator. Now the equator is six and a half miles approximately further distant from the center of the earth than is the pole. It follows that were the Mississippi credited with a perfectly level bed so that it did not flow at all, then its mouth would be about one-fourth of the six and a quarter miles, more distant from the center of the earth than its source would be. To get the real distance, we must subtract the height of its source above sea level, which is about 1,400 feet, leaving a little over a mile for the excess distance of the mouth from the center of the earth. In this way we determine that the Mississippi really runs about a mile up hill.—*Science and Invention.*

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks" therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper*. "TRADOS Model 25", corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night.

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HERE IS A BEAR WITH REAL INTELLECT.

How intelligent a bear may be is well illustrated by an account published by M. Baudouin in the Bulletin of the French Societe Nationale d'Acclimatation.

This bear had noticed that whenever there was a heavy fall of rain the lower part of his den was flooded and the orifice by which the water flowed out was obstructed. Whenever this happened he profited by the occasion to take a good bath. This finished, he used to go to the outlet and scrape away the debris that had stopped it up, until the water flowed out and his home was dry. But once, in an exceptionally heavy flood, the water rose through the hole from outside. The bear tried his usual method of getting rid of the water, but, finding this useless, sat down to think over the new situation.

Presently an idea came to him. A lot of rocks had been thrown into his den in an effort to raise the level of the floor and give him dry quarters. He studied these rocks attentively, and then began carrying them one by one to the place where the water was entering. After the water receded it was discovered that the bear had placed enough rocks to stop up the hole.

New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

On legal affidavit, John Hart Brittain, business man, certified to this: "My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth. "Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs." Mr. Brittain certified further:

INDIAN'S SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

"At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian 'medicine man' who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomada. I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."



Photo when bald.



After hair growth

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair

It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, alopecia areata or certain other hair or scalp disorders. Miss A. D. Otto reports: "About 8 years ago my hair began to fall out until my scalp in spots was almost entirely bald. I used everything that was recommended but was always disappointed until at last I came across Kotalko. My bald spots are being covered now; the growth is already about three inches." G. W. Mitchell reports: "I had spots completely bald, over which hair is now growing since I used Kotalko." Mrs. Matilda Maxwell reports: "The whole front of my head was as bald as the palm of my hand for about 15 years. Since using Kotalko, hair is growing all over the place that was bald." Many more splendid, convincing reports from satisfied users.

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CURED HIS RHEUMATISM!

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army, over 50 years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change." You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as try to get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of this paper wishes "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 534 J Street, Hallowell, Maine. Send now, lest you forget! If not a sufferer, cut out this notice and hand this good news and opportunity to some afflicted friend. All who send will receive it by return mail without any charge whatever.

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